

COLLECIATE

The background of the cover is a textured, mottled grey. Overlaid on this are several abstract geometric elements: a large, dark, textured rectangle in the center; a series of vertical stripes of varying widths on the left side; a curved, multi-lined shape resembling a stylized 'C' or a swoosh on the right; and a small, dark, rectangular shape at the top left. The text 'COLLECIATE' is printed in a large, bold, serif font at the top, and '1931' and 'VAROIA' are printed in a similar font at the bottom right.

1931

VAROIA



Sugar.....

was brought to Europe by the Arabs

SUGAR cane probably originated in India or eastern tropical Asia where it had been cultivated from great antiquity. It was brought Westward and introduced to Egypt, Sicily and later to Spain, probably in the 8th century, by the Arabs who also preserved the arts of medicine, mathematics, astronomy, etc., for us after the downfall of the Roman Empire.

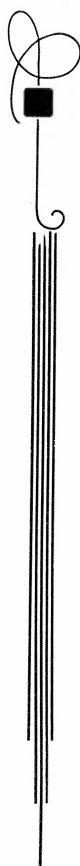
Don Enrique, Infante of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator (1394-1460) introduced the sugar cane in the Madeira Islands. It was taken to the Canary Islands in 1503, thence spread to Brazil and Hayti early in the 16th century and from there to Central America.

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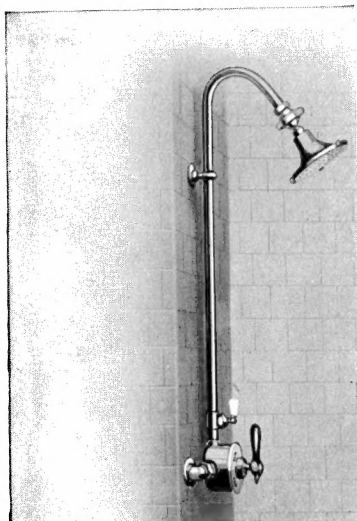
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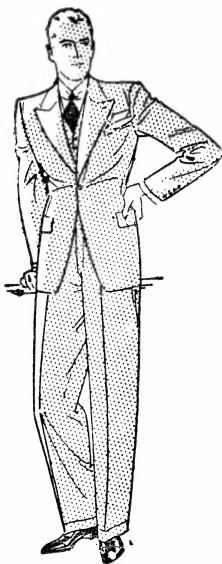
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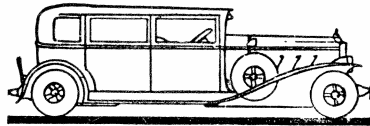
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The School is under the management of the Board of Education and the Advisory-Vocational Committee.

Instruction is offered in Day and Evening Classes in academic and vocational courses of study. All day Courses provide a liberal education in English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography. Additional subjects are offered to suit the requirements of the student. The following notes will be found helpful and should afford guidance to parents and pupils.

ACADEMIC COURSES—These prepare candidates for entrance to the Normal Schools, the Universities, and Professional Schools. Attendance for four years or more is required to complete these courses.

VOCATIONAL COURSES—These prepare boys and girls for commercial, business, industrial and home making pursuits. The program of the Commercial Course requires three years for its completion. Special Courses in commercial subjects may be completed in one year by students who have the equivalent of two or more years of work in other departments. Technical and Industrial Courses are offered in Drafting, Machine Shop Practice, Woodworking, Auto Mechanics and Electricity. The Practical Arts Course for girls prepares for scientific home management and includes Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Nursing, Cooking, and Applied Art. Three or more years attendance is recommended for all day pupils.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION

The Entrance Certificate or its equivalent is required for all regular courses. Under special conditions pupils with Senior Fourth Book standing may be admitted to a preliminary course in the Technical Department if judged able to undertake the work.

EVENING CLASSES

Evening Classes will open in October and continue until the end of March. Instruction will likely be offered in the following courses:

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Other courses of vocational value may be opened upon application, provided there is a sufficient enrolment.

Enrolment takes place during the first week in October. Nominal fees are charged for the Night Classes.

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"What are pauses?" asked Mr. Andrews during a Vth form class.
"Things that grow on catses" replied a clever student from the rear.

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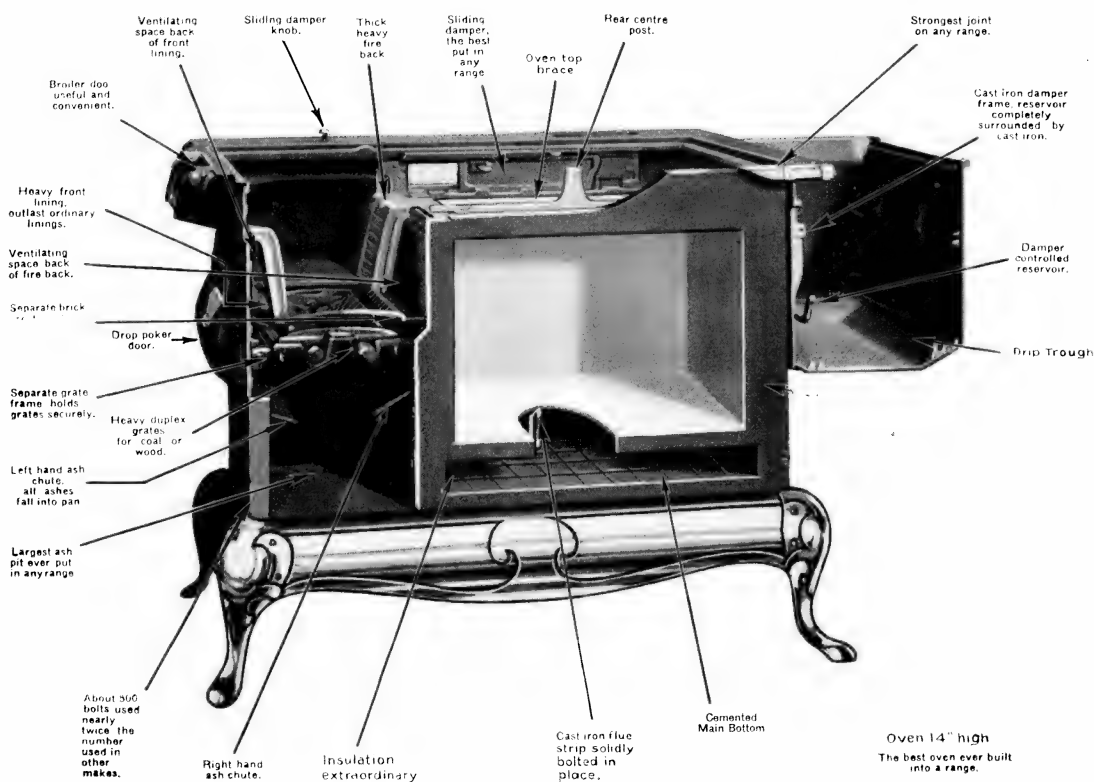
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The Collegiate

*Published Annually in the Interests of the Students of Sarnia Collegiate
Institute and Technical School.*

18th Year of Publication

SARNIA

May, 1931

Cover by Teresa Swainson

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In Appreciation
of her untiring and unselfish services
we respectfully dedicate this
issue to

Ethel K. Urquhart, B.A.



FOREWORD

The Personal Column

It's a wise plan to take stock of one's self occasionally. Can you pass the following test?



Are you merely attending High School or do you really belong?

Would you still come to school if you were perfectly free to do as you pleased—or are you still being "sent" with an orange for recess?

Can you use the kit of tools you brought with you, and are they all in good shape?—Or is your figuring inaccurate, your reading thoughtless, and your English crude?

Have you learned yet how to study, and to reason a little as well as memorize?—or must you still be spoon-fed?

Have you learned self-control and good manners—or do you still want to speak out of turn, scribble on books and desks, and make loud noises?

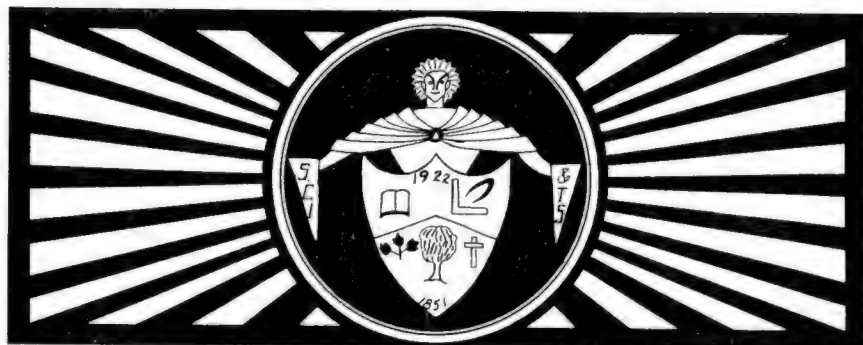
Do you contribute something to the student life of the school, literary, musical, athletic—or are you content to take everything and give nothing in return? For example, is this your magazine even to the smallest extent, or have you been an absolute outsider, contributing nothing and not even enjoying the privilege of having a contribution refused?

Are you concerned for the good name of the school,—both student-body and Staff,—proud of its traditions, and determined not to dishonour them—or was your initiation just a matter of form?

The answers to these very personal questions do not depend on the course you are taking nor even on the year you are in; they depend on yourself, your ambitions, your initiative, your self-respect—in brief, your character.

Think it over! Measure yourself by High School standards! Are you merely attending school—or do you really belong?

—F. C. ASBURY.





EDITORIAL STAFF

Third Row—Fred Rainsberry, Jack Smith, Harry Turnbull, Reg. Ewener, Geo. Stedwill, John Houston, Blake Smith, Fred Samis, Jim Copeland.
 Second Row—Anne Albinson, Jean MacDonald, Walter Claxton, Marjorie Paterson, Lawrence McManus, Mary Gordon, Mary Urquhart, Marian McKim, Frieda Moore, Evelyn MacAdams.
 Seated—Jean Murphy, Mr. Dent, Miss Taylor, Bill Turnbull, Norman Nichol, Gordon Murray, Miss Walsh, Mr. Payne.



EDITORIAL STAFF OF "THE COLLEGIATE"

1931



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FRED RAINSBERRY



Standing—Ken VanHorne, Lois Shaw, Jack Griffith, Mary Molyneux, George Albinson, Margaret Mead, Bill Craig.
Seated—Douglas Isbister, Alice Hutchinson, Paul James, Rhoda Middleton, Leroy Smith.

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ALICE HUTCHINSON MARGARET MEAD RHODA MIDDLETON
MARY MOLYNEUX LOIS SHAW



EDITORIAL

REORGANIZATION

In appointing the magazine staff for the year 1931 "Collegiate", the Literary Society Executive showed its initiative by making a number of innovations in the distribution and allocation of the various sections. It is to be hoped that this action, to some extent an experiment, will result in some measure of success.

On account of the large increase in late years of the number of student activities, it was considered advisable in producing this issue of the "Collegiate" to apportion the writing up of student activities among a larger number of students than in former years. Those best fitted by their reportorial ability and familiarity with the sphere of activities concerned, were chosen to write them up under separate headings. It is believed that this distribution of the work will yield better results than have been possible in other years.

Another feature of our reorganization plan is the creation of a new office on the magazine staff; that of Junior Representative. It is the duty of this member of the staff to stimulate an interest in the magazine in the forms of the Lower School, which has hitherto been greatly lacking. The results this year have been only fairly satisfactory, but it is hoped that another year will find the junior students alive to their responsibilities in regard to the magazine. If they are to be favoured with definite representation on the staff, they must show their appreciation by standing behind their representative and contributing material in greater

quantities than has been the case up to this time.

The final part of the reorganization is the recognition of the work done by the girls of the typing class in compiling the magazine. In previous issues, no credit was given for their very valuable help in typing out all material for the magazine. This year, however, five students have been selected to do all the typing; the names of these five have been included in the business staff personnel.

W.D.T.

THE EDITORS' CONVENTION

On the morning of Friday, October the twenty-fourth, 1930, the Fifth Annual Convention of High School Editors opened at Convocation Hall, Toronto University. The Convention was conducted by the Department of University Extension, and Sigma Phi Women's Journalistic Fraternity.

The sponsors may well be justified in considering the convention a success, for the interest of editors in it becomes annually more evident. The advice offered by the speakers and by leaders of the discussion groups, was a source of great and invaluable help to the delegates of every magazine represented; but in even greater a degree was it a source of the enthusiasm which is so necessary to the preparation of a school year-book. The publications represented at the convention will undoubtedly be improved enormously this year by the suggestions offered.

Registration began on Friday morning at nine o'clock, the Sarnia representatives incidentally being the first



to register. There followed a busy hour for the delegates, at the end of which they found themselves provided with badges and programmes and registered in that discussion group which most appealed to each one. At ten o'clock Principal Malcom Wallace of University College formally opened the convention, and a welcome was extended to the delegates by Miss Evangeline Powell, convention convenor. Helpful and instructive speeches followed by Miss Jean Hunnisett, past secretary, Mr. W. J. Dunlop, director of University Extension and Mr. Vernon Knowles, city editor of the *Mail and Empire*. After the election of a president and secretary from the ranks of the representatives, an address was heard on staff organization and allocation by Mr. Andrew Allen, editor of the (late) "*Varsity*", one of whose recent editorials stirred the whole province, followed by a discourse on humour by Mr. Gregory Clarke of the *Toronto Star*. After adjournment at noon, the delegates gathered for a panoramic picture on the steps of Convocation Hall.

The afternoon session opened with a talk on "The problem of lay-out" by Mr. Frank Sperry of *MacLean's Magazine*. The delegates then divided into groups for discussions on varied problems. At the close of the session they were shown through the publishing houses of *MacLean's* and the *Toronto Star*.

In the evening the spacious and beautiful banquet-hall of the Arts and Letters Club made an artistic setting for the annual banquet. At its conclusion the *Star's* shield for the best school magazine was presented to the London Central Collegiate, and the evening closed with a delightful, but all too short half-hour of readings and reminiscences by Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts.

Saturday morning opened with a particularly interesting address on art by Mr. Arthur Lismer; there followed speeches by Professor J. D. Robbins, Dr. E. A. Hardy, and Mr. Clarke Locke. The session closed with the

presentation of a set of works of G. B. Shaw to the writer of the best short story in any of the magazines.

The convention closed at noon on Saturday, and in the afternoon the delegates brought their activities to a conclusion by attending a rugby game at Varsity Stadium, where they renewed their acquaintances with former schoolmates attending the University.

N.G.N.

ACADEMIC STUDIES VERSUS STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Have you ever heard parents or outsiders comment on the so-called student activities of our school? Have you ever heard them speak with much concern, not unmingled with doubt and certain misgivings, of the increasingly important place that these activities take in the lives of the students? Some, even outwardly condemn all the institutions of our school other than the fundamental subjects outlined in the curriculum. To these we would address the following remarks, in which we will attempt to allay at least a few of these misunderstandings. For those who criticise the non-academical side of our school life have been either most grossly misinformed or have not taken time to investigate their true purpose and value and are censuring us with but a very superficial knowledge of these things.

The fundamental purpose of a secondary education is not to drill into our heads Latin, History, or algebra, nor to cram our brains with facts about electrons, or the action of sulphuric acid on sodium bicarbonate. True, these are all necessary but only in so far as they develop gray matter in our brain. Of what practical use are the majority of subjects that we take in the lower forms? Each of us will probably specialize in two or three of these later, and these will likely be the only ones of any real consequence in our future occupation. If our high school training were nothing more than learning by memory a few theor-



ems in geometry, a few solutions in algebra, something about history, a very limited knowledge of foreign languages, we could give ourselves a very liberal education at home. But the real value of a secondary education lies in the amount of thought the student puts into his work, and the real object of such a training is to teach us to think and reason clearly and with decision and to develop in us a taste for the higher arts.

The Student Activities in our school are, as you will see in other sections of this magazine, many and varied. They can be divided into two main groups.

(1) Sports, such as rugby, track and field, basketball, swimming, shooting, etc. (2) Literary Societies which sponsor the production of plays, musical festivals, exhibitions of gymnastic work, debates, oratory and the publishing of this magazine.

First let us try to justify the existence of the first class named above—Sport. It is a well known fact that, if the brain is to function to its fullest capacity, the body must be in a healthy condition. It is equally well known that, in these days when schools are so near at hand, the average student does not exercise his body enough in going to and from school to keep all his muscles taut and his lungs clear. It is therefore necessary to participate in games which exercise the body sufficiently to keep every organ in proper working order. This is no new theory, for our greatest universities have, in recent years, made it necessary for students, before being granted a diploma, to attain a certain proficiency in gym work.

And the benefits derived from an active participation in sports, are not only physical but mental and moral. The players are taught, in the heat of a close match when everyone's nerves are tense with excitement, to display a self control which is not found in the crowd of those who watch. And, when the ball is snapped out the player must think quickly and act with decision. There is no place on a rugby team, or any other kind of team, for one who

is slow to get the meaning of the signals or who cannot calculate the rate at which an opponent is travelling, or the distance of a forward pass. In any team participating in any sport, there is a sense of loyalty to the team, to the members of the team, and a certain sense of honour in good sportsmanship, that is unexcelled. And in any group of young men would you expect to find the best among those who look on and cheer the winning team to victory and hurl their taunts at the losers, or among those who are on the campus playing the game?

The mental and moral benefits derived from sport are limited, but the second group named above—the Literary Societies—have as their fundamental purpose our development along these lines. This group is then the more beneficial, intellectually, of the two. Shakespeare wrote "The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils". The verity of this statement has never been challenged and certainly music is the most beautiful way of expressing beautiful thoughts. We who attend the S.C.I. & T.S. are not allowed to let our appreciation of good music become rusty, for each morning we are favoured by two selections from the school orchestra. And our thanks are here extended to Mr. Brush and the members of the orchestra for thus giving each day a bright beginning. But we of the S.C.I. & T.S. are forgetting that there are two kinds of music—instrumental and vocal. We have an orchestra, and an excellent one too; but where is our Glee Club? There must be vocal talent in the school. And we do not lack a leader. Mr. Asbury has attainments in this line that are surpassed by very few. A Glee Club we feel, is as necessary as the Literary Societies themselves.

But as the name "Literary Societies" suggests, these organizations; the Senior and Junior Literary Societies, are not only to encourage an appreciation of music but also of good literature,



oratory, debates, etc., and surely the most exacting of our censors could not but applaud any effort in this direction.

The executives of both Junior and Senior societies have functioned very credibly indeed this term, but we have noticed a certain lack of interest on the part of some of the students and even a few of the form representatives. We have tried to find reasons for their absence from executive meetings but none are apparent. We have noted also with disappointment and regret that no play was presented this term. The presentation last term of "The Romantic Age" was of such a high calibre that one would almost think pride should compel us to keep up the high standard set by those who were responsible for its production.

And now let us turn your attention to one of the outstanding achievements of the Literary Society. We are referring to the yearly publication of the magazine in which this article appears. It is entirely the work of the students and is intended to be, you might say, "an exhibition of hobbies". By that we mean, that, no matter what a student likes to do most, he or she will find a place to do that particular thing in connection with the publication of this Year Book. If the student likes writing poetry, short stories, essays or one-act plays, these will be welcomed as contributions to our Literary section. If his hobby is photography, we have snap-shot pages which are to be filled by his contributions. If his forte is drawing, he can employ himself making a cover design, or headings for the sections, or cartoons. If he would rather not do these, but has hopes of a business career, he can receive valuable training getting ads for the "mag" or selling subscriptions.

And so by the broad field which the student activities cover there is a place for every student to indulge in his favourite pastime and at the same time be developing physically, mentally, and morally and preparing himself

for his place in the world. Everybody has talents in some special line and we believe they can best be developed by supplementing the academical side of school life with the student activities.

R.G.M.

CONGRATULATIONS

At the High School Magazine Editors' Convention, in Toronto, last October, the representatives of the London Central C. I. "Review" were presented with the Star shield for the best high school magazine of the 1929-1930 term. May we join in congratulating the staff of the 1930 "Review" upon the fine workmanship which went to make up their winning publication. The editors of the present term's "Review" have again led the way with their innovation in the exchange column, that of having the exchange editors of other schools comment at length upon the strong and weak points of the "Review" in exchange letters. This method permits of greater latitude in criticism and comment, and we were only too glad to co-operate with the editors of the "Review" and hope, next year, to follow their example.

N.G.N.

A BOUQUET FOR THE PRESS

In acknowledging those who have in years past, been of service to the school, among the first we must place the local press. Their publication of events about the school, however trifling they may seem to some of the readers, is invaluable in stimulating public interest in the life of the school. The chief sphere of school news in which they are interested, is of course that of sport. It is to be taken as a tribute to their reportorial skill, that one of the records kept of school life from day to day is a book comprised of their reports of school activities. This record forms a valuable supplement to the school history as recorded in the pages of the 'Collegiate' maga-



zine. We feel sure that one important reason why the local press takes such an active interest in the school, lies in the fact that many of the members of their staffs are former members of the student body. This editorial, may, therefore, be regarded as a formal expression of our thanks to the Canadian Observer and the News and of our hope that their kind co-operation of previous years will continue.

N.G.N.

THE LATE D. A. CAMPBELL

Word has just been received in this city of the death, on Saturday, May 16th, of Mr. D. A. Campbell, B.A., of Toronto. Some six months prior to his death, the late Mr. Campbell had resigned, through ill-health, from the position of Director of Technical Education for the province of Ontario.

When the new Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School was erected and ready for occupancy in 1922, Mr. Campbell was chosen to act as successor to Mr. C. L. Brown, retiring principal. The task of transferring the school to the present build-

ing, and the working out of an efficient routine, a very difficult one indeed, was very ably carried out under Mr. Campbell's direction. Under his principalship also, student activities assumed a new importance. In 1925 he resigned to accept the position of Director of Technical Education. Prior to holding the local position he had directed technical studies in Ottawa schools and in Alberta.

(The editors regret that, as the magazine was already set up no space could be found for a formal obituary; they had, as a last resort, to substitute the above article for one of the editorials. A formal obituary will appear in next year's publication.)

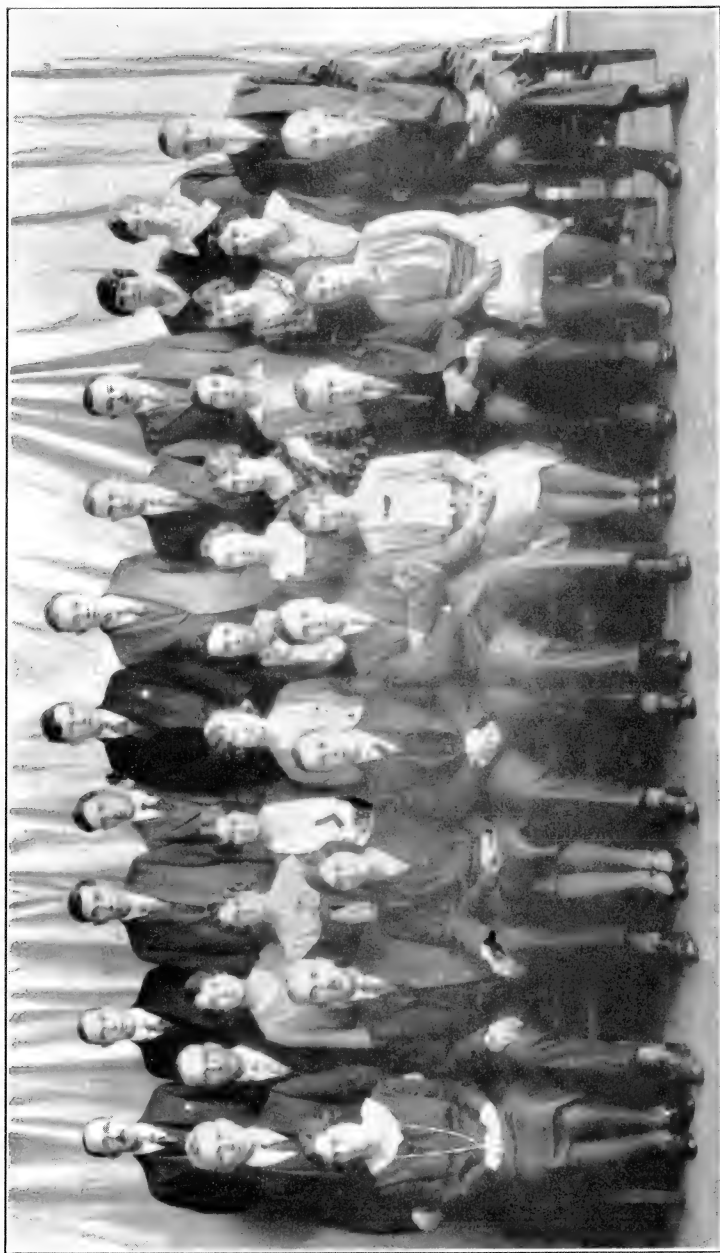
We are very sorry to note the absence, through illness, of two members of our staff—Mrs. Urquhart and Miss Burriss. Miss Burriss was obliged by ill-health to take leave of absence in February—Mrs. Urquhart, just before Easter. It is our sincere hope and expectation that we will be privileged to have them with us again in September.

In Memoriam

William Palmer

"Here rests his head upon the lap of
earth,
A youth to fortune and to game un-
known."





TEACHING STAFF

Back Row—Mr. Ensor, Mr. Dobbins, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Asker, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Gray, Mr. Coles, Mr. Mendizabal, Miss Ramsden, Miss Brandon.
 Middle Row—Mr. Graham, Mr. Treitz, Miss Johnston, Miss Dalziel, Miss Howden, Miss Harris, Miss Weir, Miss Welman, Miss Walker, Miss Halliday, Miss LaPiere, Miss Taylor, Mr. Fielding.
 Front Row—Miss Ferguson, Mr. Dent, Miss Ferrier, Mr. Helson, Mr. Asbury, Miss Walsh, Mr. Payne, Miss Martin, Mr. Dennis.



STAFF OF THE S. C. I. & T. S. 1930--31



PRINCIPAL

FRANK C. ASBURY, M.A.

STAFF

David Andrews, M.A.
Earl G. Asker, B.Sc.
Norma Brandon, B.A.
Mae N. Burriss, B.A.
Wm. G. Coles, B.A.
Libbie Cruickshank, B. Com.
Jessie M. Dalziel, B.A.
Ora C. Dennis, B.A.
Wm. A. Dent, B.A.
Robert Dobbins
Claude L. Ensor
Doris M. Ferguson, B.A.
Gladys R. Ferrier, B.A.
E. Lloyd Fielding, B.A.
Herbert W. Graham, B.A.
Blair Gray, B.A.
Mary A. Harris, B.A.
J. Maude Halliday, B.A.

George A. Helson
Sarah E. Howden, B.A.
M. Isabelle Johnson, B.A.
Marie E. LaPiere, B.A.
Jean E. Martin, B.A.
Margaret McLellan, B.A.
A. Ranulfo Mendizabal, B.A. Sc.
Marguerite Parker, B.A.
Frank J. Payne, B.A.
Wm. S. Pringle
Jessie Ramsden, B.A.
A. May Taylor, B.A.
Ernest L. Treitz, B.A.
Ethel K. Urquhart, B.A.
Jean W. Walker, B.A.
Jean I. Walsh, B.A.
M. Frances Weir, B.A.
Phyllis M. E. Welman

MUSICAL DIRECTOR

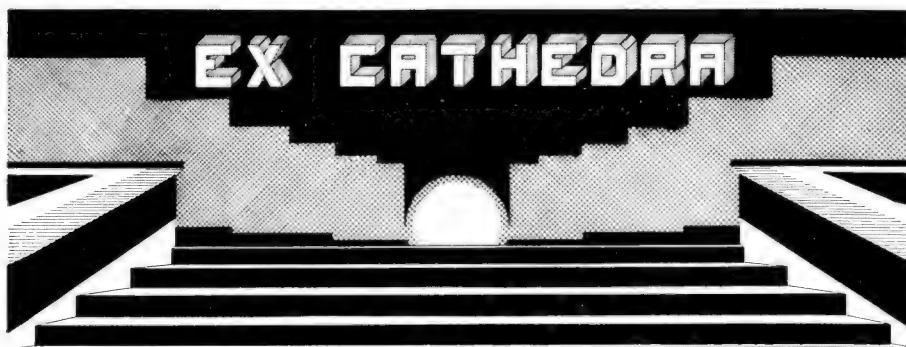
William E. Brush

SCHOOL SECRETARY

Maude I. MacKay

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Lillian M. Stuchberry



SCIENCE IN TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

By E. L. Treitz, B.A.

They were a family group seated in the kitchen of their fairly comfortable home; dad absorbed in the daily paper, mother mending, while George and Bertha were at the table doing their homework more or less quietly. Suddenly George, a freshman at Tech, spoke up:

"I don't know why we have to be bothered with Science when we have so many other subjects. I don't see what use I'll ever make of what we're taking now, and we get four years of Science!"

"What are you taking now?" asked Bertha.

"Oh, Archimedes' Principle, why things float in water, and how far a floating body will sink."

"Well, I suppose you may not see the value of it now, but when you grow older you may find a great use for many of the things you take in Science. The designers of ships must know exactly how much of a boat will be under water before they start building it." This from mother. "And they may have talked just as you talk now when they were boys."

"The teacher said we are soon going to take up levers and pulleys. I think I'll like that because we do experiments with them, and learn how to use them to lift large weights with little force."

"Yes," said Bertha, "You might find some use for that. I know our work in Science is going to help me in my training. A nurse can work much more intelligently if she knows why she is doing a thing as well as what she is doing. We are now studying how a secretion from the pancreas aids in changing sugars to be used by the body; and soon we are going to take the digestion of foods. We shall do experiments in which we can actually see how sugars and protiens are digested."

"That ought to be interesting as well as useful," said mother. "I know I have never regretted my high school course, but since I am married I haven't been able to use as much of it as I might have. I wish I had had the opportunity of learning to sew and cook like you have, although I did learn a lot at night school, and it has been useful to me since dad has been out of work."

"Dad had only one year of High School, didn't he?" said Bertha.

"Yes, I wish he had had more, then he would have stood a better chance against being laid off."

"Dad went to school at the same time as the Hon. James Hutchins, and as the president of the Tire Company, didn't he, ma?"

"Yes, George."



"If he had gone on to school and finished his course maybe he'd be president of a company or something now, too, eh Ma?"

"You never can tell, we'll do our best to give you a chance, anyway, but I do wish times would pick up a bit. Did you see Mr. Goodman about taking you back, dad?"

"Eh?"

"I say, did you see Mr. Goodman about giving you back your position?"

"Yeh! he said as soon as things get moving again."

"Why are there so many people out of work, dad?"

"Oh, I can't tell you exactly. It is due to a variety of causes. I believe the Economists themselves are not altogether agreed on that point."

"Don't you think that the advances that have been made in Science have something to do with it?"

"Just how do you mean?"

"Well, nowadays they have machines which will do the work that was formerly done by many men and will do it so much more rapidly and even better. Harold Beemer, of Fourth Year Tech. was telling me that at the Salt Plant here they have a capacity of about 1500 barrels a day and employ very few hands. Practically all the work is done by machinery, giving them a product over 99.7 per cent. pure and untouched by human hands. This is true of other industries, too."

"Yes, when they can get a machine that will do the work cheaper than the men can do it, they'll sacrifice the men."

"Oh, don't talk that way, dad! It is true that some manufacturers will take advantage of advances in methods merely to improve the finances of the company, but most of them are very considerate of their employees. If they can enlist the aid of Science to improve their product and provide greater safety and comfort for the consumer without increasing the price of the commodity, it is their duty to do so."

"Maybe you're right, mother, but when the blow strikes us and we are feeling the pinch financially we some-

times are led to adopt a rebellious attitude. I hope that George gets a good grounding in school so that he will be able to make more of himself than I have."

"That's alright, dad," said Bertha, "but do you not think that the real success comes when one thinks not first of himself but of others? The teacher was telling us that Dr. Banting, the discoverer of Insulin, received many attractive offers to put his discovery in the hands of private companies, which were refused because he was sure that the sufferers from diabetes would have to pay much more for Insulin if he accepted them. Do you not think that he is a greater man because of his decision, although now less wealthy?"

"Do you find all your work in Science interesting?"

"Oh, no, some parts are not as interesting as others. Last year we had to do a lot of problems in specific heat, how much heat is required to change a given quantity of water to steam, the amount of heat given out when water freezes, and—"

"Do you mean to say that heat is given out when water freezes?"

"Yes, dad."

"Then how is it that it feels so cold?"

"Well, the more heat a substance loses the less it has and the colder it becomes. When you place your hand against ice you cause some of it to melt and in doing so it takes up heat from your hand causing your hand to feel cold."

"I guess I'll have to go back to school again."

"You can. They give a course in Science and Industrial Chemistry at Night School. Why don't you do it?"

"What do you think is our most important subject, Mother?"

"That is a hard question to answer. Each teacher would naturally stress his or her own subject. Your courses are so constructed that one cannot say that you can do as efficient work if any one subject is dropped, as they are so interrelated and interwoven. You say Science is going to help you in your



training. It will surely assist you in your household management and Dietetics; even in your work in sewing it will assist you in picking and choosing materials, choice of dyes, and so on. I am sure that you, George, will find it of value in your study of Electricity, Automechanics, Machine Shop Practice and even Woodwork and drafting; whereas, English, History, Geography and Mathematics will assist you a lot in Science. Then, of course, there is the mental training that all subjects give you, to be considered. Science teaches you to observe properly, to

draw logical conclusions from your observations; and gives you an opportunity, offered by very few other subjects, of extending your researches by experimentation into what is as yet unknown. But look at the time! You must get your homework finished."

"I'll say I will. If I don't get these problems done, I'll lose a mark tomorrow and will have to do them anyway or lose two more when he examines our notebooks. It doesn't take much shirking to lose twenty-five marks."

LEISURE

By Norma Brandon, B.A.

It is true there is a similarity between teachers and preachers, in the respect that each take a text to talk around and about. In my case, there is a double similarity, for I take two.

The first text is from "Threat of Leisure", by "Cutter", and runs as follows:

"If recognizable creative work is not supplied in the factory system, and if leisure does not furnish opportunity of self-expression in creative work, may we not expect an expression of sexual looseness?"

The second is from Dr. Henry Turner Bailey, and runs thus:

"Unless we can train our boys and girls so that through some fad—drawing, designing, painting, music, poetry—some form of activity which is the gateway to the spiritual world—there is no hope for the future of America."

The substance of these texts is that leisure time is the most precious gift we have, and at the same time the most dangerous gift.

In this great machine age, if the products of machinery were properly divided, they tell us our day would be

something like this—four hours for work, three hours for meals, eight hours for sleep, and nine hours for leisure. How would you spend these nine hours to make this leisure time a precious gift? Or as time is divided now, how do you spend your leisure time?

In this article I shall try to tell you how art-training can make your leisure time a more precious gift, or, if you will, a less dangerous one.

For ages past mankind has been building up an estate—the items of which are painting, sculpture, architecture and handicrafts. To-day this is your heritage. These are yours to enjoy. In popular language, you have only to 'tune in'.

Here is the story of how one boy tuned in. As he stood looking at a print from an old master he ventured to say to a man beside him "I believe Corot painted that. I read that he liked to get up early in the morning to paint his pictures, misty with morning dew." He was right. It was a Corot. The man envied the boy the happy time he could have in his leisure through his acquaintance with old



masters. So art appreciation helps us to make our leisure a precious gift.

Then, all about us, in this world not made with hands, are glories to enjoy. We have only to be in tune. Art is everywhere—for art is beauty. We have just to open our eyes, to see a pageant of colour. Can you find beauty in the iridescence of an insect's wing or in the majestic grandeur of a storm? If so, you can use your leisure as a precious gift.

So far I have not dealt with the creative element in art. It is perhaps the more important. It is true, not everyone can reproduce on paper, or with his hands, what he sees, but he can cultivate a trained taste, by reading and observation. The creative element enters into organized recreation and social activities. In the case of the drama, trained taste will lead to a choice of lighting effects, settings and costumes that are beautiful—not tawdry. Then, more intimately, in the home, trained taste will lead to a choice

of colouring and line that will always delight. It may be that your hobby will be silver, dishes, or table decorations. If you cannot have these of your own, you can appreciate them and enjoy them in shops and books.

In conclusion, we wonder why a great financial and business organization like the T. Eaton Co., thinks art training important enough to find a place on the programme in their new theatre for such lectures as interior decorating, home furnishings, and colour. Are they not trying to give you the much needed art for your leisure time? They are foresighted enough to see the importance of art to make leisure precious—or better, to prevent crime and moral looseness.

"Leisure is a time for doing something useful, and this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never, for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things."
—Franklin.

CONTENTMENT

I do not want a palace for a home;
I do not want to live in royal state;
I only want a cottage small and neat,
With hollyhocks that bloom beside the gate.

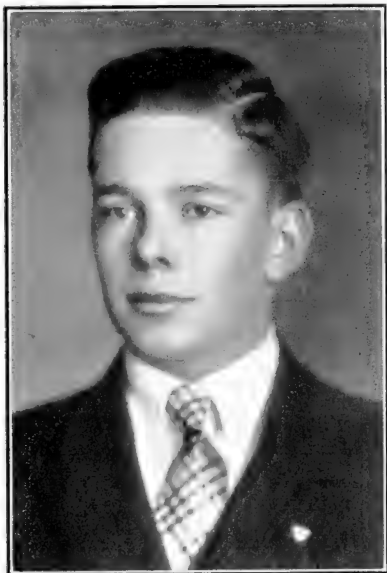
I do not want a score of servant folk;
To wait upon me for a goodly fee.
I only want each morning to awake
And feel that someone has some need of me.

Let wealth and fame and splendour pass me by;
Leave me contentment in my low estate;
With love of nature and my fellow men;
And leave the hollyhocks beside my gate.

—EVERETT MILNER, Coll. IVB.



Scholarships



The success of several of our students last June, in winning a number of very substantial scholarships, is particularly gratifying to the students of the school, as well as being a tribute to our teaching staff. We are greatly honoured in being able to congratulate Keith Andrews, Douglas Ritchie, Keith Clydsdale, Elsie Ritchie, and Reg. Ewener, upon the distinction they brought to themselves and to the school.

Several exceptionally fine records were made in the year 1930. Keith Andrews was awarded the James Harris Classics Proficiency Scholarship by University College, Toronto. This includes \$125 and four years free tuition with a total value of \$425. Keith was also awarded the Second Edward Blake Scholarship in Classics Proficiency, comprising \$85, and free tuition; he ranked second for the Second Edward Blake Classics Scholarship, as well as winning the first Carter Scholarship for Lambton County of \$100 value. As last year's outstanding student, Keith was chosen Valedictorian for 1930. He is now in residence at Knox College, Toronto.

Douglas Ritchie ranked second among the scholarship winners, being awarded the Robert Bruce Scholarship, by University College, of \$100 value, also the Second Carter Scholarship, \$60 in value. Douglas is continuing his studies at University of Toronto.

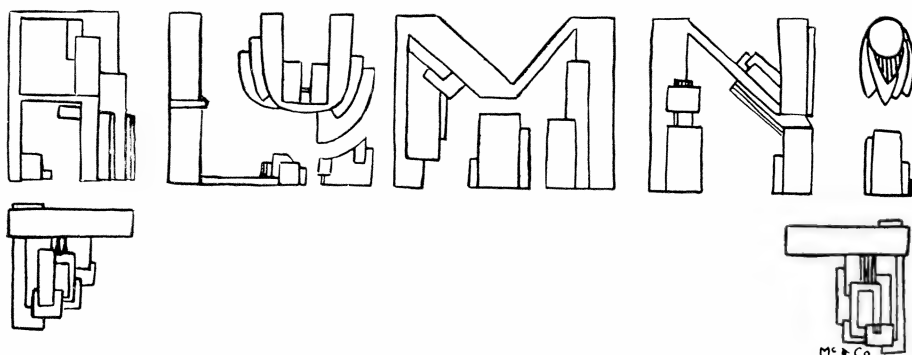
The Third Carter Scholarship of \$40 value was won by Keith Clydsdale, who is taking a course at Western.

Elsie Ritchie upheld the scholarly tradition of her family by winning the D. M. Grant Scholarship of the value of \$50, given by the local Board of Education for the highest standing in Middle School. Elsie is still at school here and is expected to bring further distinction to the school two years hence.

The A. N. Hayes Scholarship, founded in 1930 by Mrs. A. N. Hayes in memory of the long and untiring services in the cause of education of the late Dr. Hayes, was awarded to Reginald Ewener. Its value is \$50.

To all the scholarship winners we offer our most sincere congratulations and we hope they will continue to excel in scholastic circles.





The Alumni are, properly, those who have obtained graduation certificates in one of the three departments. In former years, the population of the school permitted us to place in this alumni section, the names of those who had actually graduated as well as those who had, for some reason left the school before completing their course. This year however, on account of the great increase in attendance at the school, space could not be found in the magazine for the names of those who had not graduated. We hope no ill-feeling will be created by this omission, and the wishes which we extend to our non-graduates, for their future success, are quite as sincere as those which we extend to our graduating class.

In that connection, the large number of students who leave school before graduating seems to point to a rebellion against the irksomeness of school-life; a longing to go out and conquer the world. In the past, many have attained high rank among men by sheer brute force and tireless perseverance. In the present age, education will conquer, and the man with a sound knowledge of a trade or profession will make a place for himself in the world. Always, the skilled will triumph over the unskilled.

To all our graduates and non-graduates, then, we give our very best wishes for a long and happy life, and success in all their endeavours.

Away in Toronto, a very busy man has found time to write an alumnus letter for his old school. This gentleman is Mr. Arthur W. Crawford, Deputy Minister of Labour for Ontario.

Mr. Crawford graduated in 1909 from the "old Collegiate" and entered the University of Toronto to study electrical engineering. Soon after his graduation from Varsity, he enlisted and saw service overseas, from 1915 to 1917. After the war he became district vocational officer, Hamilton district, for the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. He later became director of technical education in the federal department of labour, which office he held until his appointment to the post of deputy minister, in January, 1931.

Mr. Crawford may be sure that the student body, as a whole, is proud of such a distinguished alumnus, and he has our sincere wishes for continued success.



THE COLLEGIATE

DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR
Office Of
THE DEPUTY MINISTER

March 30, 1931.

Dear Students and Ex-students of the S.C.I.

It is a real pleasure to have this opportunity of representing the older graduates of the S.C.I. and saying "Hello" to many of my former classmates and friends with whom I have lost touch.

Our paths separated soon after leaving the collegiate. In many cases we have become strangers because there seems to be no organization or medium through which we can communicate or keep informed regarding our mutual interests and personal experiences. The ties which bind us to the school and to one another are easily broken despite our avowed determination to preserve them.

Laurie Telfer, in last year's letter, advocates an alumni association. May I express the hope that the graduates still residing in Sarnia and vicinity will act on this suggestion. It may be possible to use "The Collegiate" to keep classmates in touch with one another through letters and personal notes concerning graduates of each year. Unless some such action is taken the alumni soon lose interest in the school and forget their obligation to the parents, friends, teachers and ratepayers who made it possible to continue the education and training without which no individual can develop to the full extent.

President Hoover is credited with the statement that "human progress marches only when children excel their parents". If any of us are in any way better than our parents it is because they unselfishly gave us of their best. Those of us who have fallen short of this condition may have failed because we assumed at an early age that we knew more than our elders. In some cases we regarded our parents as old-fashioned or out-of-date. Such presumption on the part of young

people indicates a lack of appreciation of indebtedness to the past and usually exhibits an unwillingness and inability to contribute to future progress.

To you who are now enjoying the advantages of training in one of the best collegiates in the Dominion, may I offer a word of advice. If you wish to be successful, you must avail yourself of every opportunity for self-development and take full advantage of the educational facilities provided by your parents, which are much better than those provided for them. You will then be in a position to take your places as leaders in the activities of life and help to provide improved facilities for the training and development of those who follow in your steps. Failure to appreciate present opportunities or accept obligations means failure to fit oneself for service or future prosperity.

Success has been defined as "the progressive realization of a worthy ideal". It is evident then that the success or failure of each individual is determined by the habits and ideals of youth. We succeed only in so far as we form the habit of gladly and whole-heartedly entering into the activities and problems facing us each day. That many of you undergraduates are assured of brilliant futures is evidenced by the courageous spirit in which you face the ever increasing problems and opportunities of collegiate life and the high standard of your accomplishments as exhibited in this splendid school magazine.

Wishing you continued success in all the activities of the school and with kindest personal regards, I am,

Yours very truly,

A. W. CRAWFORD
Deputy Minister of Labour.



A rather more recent graduate is Miss Inez L. Nickels, now in her final year at University of Western Ontario. Miss Nickels graduated from the S.C.I. in 1926, and was Valedictorian for that year. While in attendance here, she took a prominent part in literary activities, was editor-in-chief of the 1925 "Collegiate", and upon her graduation was awarded the First Carter Scholarship for this county.

At Western, Miss Nickels is an officer of several modern language clubs and is also vice-president of the S.V.M. May we express our somewhat premature congratulations upon her approaching graduation; we would also wish her all success in her future activities.

Alpha Kappa Chi Residence
London, March 30, 1931

Dear "Collegiate"

First of all I should like to say that I appreciate very much the honour of being asked to write this letter. Happy memories of collegiate days are indelibly stamped on my mind.

Perhaps there never was a time, when the position of the student was more important than it is to-day. Since the awful tragedy of 1914, men everywhere have felt that the end of all education is to direct the minds of the youth along creative lines, in order that they may help not only their own country, but all nations. A year ago, Dr. Ludwig Mueller, representative of the German government, addressed a Canadian audience in Vancouver on **International Relations**. It was the first time that he had presented this subject before a Canadian audience. The chairman for the evening, who was a colonel of the Canadian army, had discovered that thirteen years ago that very day, he and the speaker had fought as officers at Vimy, on opposite sides of the trenches. We can scarcely imagine the feelings of that audience, as the two stood side by side on the platform and shook hands. When we know that men like these are upholding the cause of education and all it represents, we feel a powerful impetus to go on and be the best students possible.

"No nation liveth to itself alone." Only in so far as we understand others and can face facts from another's standpoint, can we ever hope to help them and make the world a little better because of our having lived. One of the best ways to do this is to conscientiously study the history and literature

of other nations. If we are to enter into the experiences of France and Germany to-day, we must remember the mighty upheavals through which these peoples have passed, and we must try to appreciate the expression of their life and thought as reflected in their best literature.

I hope a number of you are coming up to University next year. College means study, sport, social intercourse and friendship. The happy feature of it, is that there is a place for you no matter what your particular interests may be. You are fond of sport; then Rugby and Basketball are calling. You are interested in the classics; then the Classical Club will be your place. On the other hand, Moderns may be your field; if so, the French Circle and German Club will offer you a great deal of pleasure. Perhaps you intend to make Missions your vocation; the Student Volunteer Band will welcome you. Or maybe you are interested in church work of various kinds and will find a new field for activity in the Christian Fellowship. At University, as in every institution of learning, the aim is to discover more of that "abundant life", which Christ came to give.

"To every man there openeth
A way, and ways and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High
way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low.
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go."

Best wishes,

Inez L. Nickels,
Western Arts '31.



THE TEACHERS

We consider ourselves entitled to think of those who have taught us in former years, as graduates of the school, not in the same way as we students are graduates, but rather as having passed through the "school of experience". To our former teachers, then, we wish long life and happiness, and success in whatever sphere they are now moving.

Last year five of our teachers left our staff to take up new work.

Miss Scarrow and Miss Scott are both teaching in the Western Technical School in Toronto.

Miss Robertson transferred to the Westdale Hamilton Technical at Christmas.

Miss Gordon is studying dramatics in New York.

Mr. Loft is teaching in St. Catharines.

GRADUATES

In order to make a survey of our graduates let us take a journey and visit some of them.

Starting from Sarnia we might go to London. Here we take a taxi (nothing small about us) to the Normal School. Classes are over for the day, but coming around the corner we see DOROTHY HACKNEY and ROSS TUCK with a few other males in train. They are all smiling, so the work must be agreeable. We wonder if Ross has asked the School of Classical Dancing to put on any more programs? Wandering about, we come upon VELLA MUNDY, BEATRICE HARGIN, RUTH BORCHARDT, and SHIRLEY SYMINGTON engaged in a serious conversation. They are all carrying books; looks as though they were as studious as ever. But we also see JOHN McLELLAN just around the other corner (not so studious).

Perhaps we had better hurry over to Western, or some of our swains will be out for the evening. Luck must be with us, for coming rapidly down the sidewalk are KEN BELL and STAN FERGUSON. As usual they are in a hurry to meet a "date" but going on to the University we find KEITH CLYSDALE on his way out—a ponderous looking law book under his arm. You know he would be a good one to have for a friend in future lawsuits.

Although it is getting rather late we must go to St. Peter's Seminary. In one of its spacious rooms we see HUGH MUNDY, ROY CASSIN and CARL WALSH, bent over some books. They have that "peaceful appearance" so they are probably satisfied with their work.

I think we have pretty well covered the territory in London so now let us catch a night train for Toronto to be ready for an early start.

We might first call on KEITH ANDREWS for we know his slogan is "Early to bed and early to rise". He is at Knox College studying for the ministry. We wish him the same success he achieved at the collegiate.

Going over to University College we see VINCENT NORWOOD, MAURICE HELLER and DOUGLAS RITCHIE, but only for a few minutes before classes commence.



Now to St. Michael's where we can see BASIL HEALY to wish him good luck. While talking to Basil, we mentioned we still had to go on to Western Hospital so he suggested we use the phone instead of our feet.

Acting on his suggestion we called up NOLA BUCKINGHAM and left a message of good-will for her at Western Hospital.

Toronto surely claimed a number of our graduates in 1930 for we come next to the General Hospital. We can get excellent, plus sympathetic nursing here, if PAT COLLINS or ALICE LIVINGSTONE are assigned to us.

We must not forget to call on MERVIN BURY and PAT PALMER at Victoria College. Mervin, by the way, is studying for the ministry.

Taking the train for eastern points we reach Queen's in Kingston. Having previously wired the time of our arrival we see ANDY HAYNE'S lofty brow, and CECIL HILLIER'S more modest stature in the crush at the station. After a jolly evening giving news from home, and receiving information about the engineering course, we have to leave.

On the way back to Sarnia we can think of other graduates whom we would like to visit if time and funds permitted.

We know that HELEN MacINTYRE at the Spencerian School of Business Administration in Cleveland would have given us a good time. Especially if the fine sounding name means anything. We could also have counted on HAZEL GARDINER at MacDonald Hall in Guelph, for another evening's entertainment.

MARGARET SMITH rather broke away from the general trend, and went to Stratford Normal. We hope she likes it, because we know we would.

Our girls evidently have a wide choice of hospitals, for to add to the list, MAY WOOLLY is in training at Hamilton General Hospital.

We would like at this time to extend our congratulations to BRUCE MONCRIEFF. Mr. Moncrieff while taking some subjects here, also substituted for one of the teachers who was ill. This year he has been appointed to a position on the teaching staff of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical school as drafting teacher.

While there are former students who have gone to distant fields to seek their fame and fortune, a great number have stayed in Sarnia—some working, and others at home.

FOR THE GIRLS ONLY!

Among the boys still in Sarnia a great number work at the Imperial Oil. They include BILL CARSON, BOB RAMSAY, LAWRENCE THOMAS, ORISON FLEET and BILL MUIR. There are even some at home during these hard times. Among the lucky ones are WARREN HARGROVE, JIM HARRIS and ROWLAND SAMIS. But to extend your choice you might look up HAROLD ARNOLD at the Cosy Cove gas station when your car needs some pep, or ORTIE BARRETT at Ingersoll's Drug Store when you need some pep.

ROBERT JACKSON is working in Henry Conn's office. We wonder how he likes school from this angle?

At Walker Bros., on Mitton Street, you can find ALBERT McKEAN dishing out the doughnuts. Ask him for one if you're hungry.

NOW!

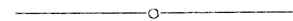
FOR THE BOYS ONLY!

You know, boys, the girls who are at home don't have to be in bed as early as the others, so here is a list of last year's graduates who are at home this year. GRACE ALEXANDER, MARY BUTLER, MAMIE HAGEN, MARY LECKIE, AVIS LEE and HELEN WILSON.



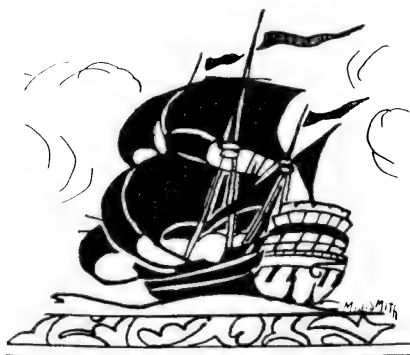
However, you boys needn't be afraid the business girls will be dull companions just because they are wise enough to know they must be in bed early. They are, on the contrary, real jolly company. Here are some names and where you may find their owners. GENEVA BARNES at the Taylor Clothes Shop, DOROTHY COOPER and CELIA SMITH at Goodison's, LORNA McCALLUM at the Industrial Mortgage and Trust Co., and GERALDINE "JERRY" STEEL at the Sarnia Bridge Co.

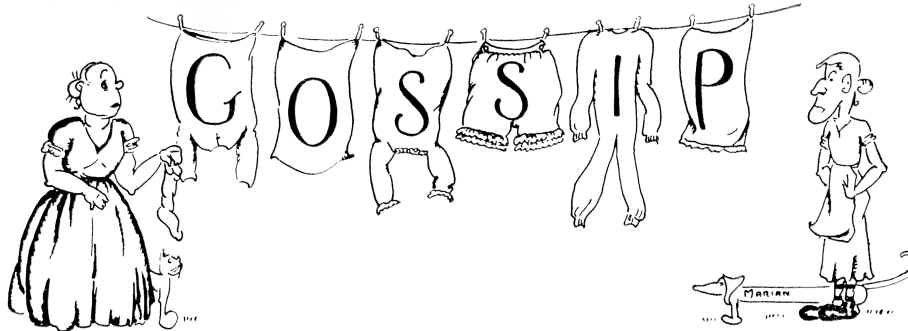
Besides these, there are a number of students who graduated from Commercial last year, but who are repeating it this year. They are: IRENE CLARK, VELMA KEARNS, MARGARET MEAD, RHODA MIDDLETON, LOIS SHAW, FLORENCE WELLINGTON, INA HALEY, ALICE HUTCHINSON, and MARY MOLYNEUX.



David B. Corcoran

Graduates of the "Old Collegiate" will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. David Corcoran. Though practically unknown to most of the present students, "Davy" endeared himself to hundreds of students during his long régime as janitor and engineer of the London Road building; as such he was the confidant of many a schoolboy.





What happened to Alex's \$8.00 the night after the Imperials' game in Windsor? Slick George!

* * * *

Who was the little girl in T4 who was playing marbles in Economic Class? Would Whitlock know?

* * * *

Wonder when Mr. Fielding caught the camel?

* * * *

They say pupils grow wise by asking questions. Then how could Mary U. carry all she should know?

* * * *

Where did "Doc" get the nerve to come to the Strathroy game in a Tux.

* * * *

Oh! Oh! Art Lawson's Dream girl has at last come to life!

* * * *

No Ethelbert, a lunge is not a small pleasure craft!

* * * *

Johnnie Wocker still gets a thrill out of coming to school on Wednesday afternoons. Wonder why!

* * * *

We would like to see C. Earl and E. Johnson co-starring in "Reducing" or "Caught Short".

* * * *

What does George Clark use his cottage for in the winter time?

* * * *

Why did Copland suddenly give up the idea of growing a moustache? Ask the Gym Class.

* * * *

Mr. Ensor wants to know whether Backman is Scotch or Finnish.

* * * *

Does Mr. Andrews own a radio? If not why does he keep saying "or sumpin"?

* * * *

Was the Saturday afternoon's escapade of our School Reporter a publicity stunt?

* * * *

What is it on George Albinson reminds one of a peanut on the moon?

* * * *

Why does Bruce Proutt like to go to Chatham? Well, there's Carmen, you know.





Who wrote the note that was left on Miss Weir's desk and caused all the hurried explanations? Apparently she had never read the dime-story edition of Frankie and Johnnie.

* * * *

We wonder how many of the students have sore necks after the visiting Basketball teams were here?

* * * *

Do you believe the story about some obliging person putting a package of tobacco in Milly's bag at St. Thomas?

* * * *

Whether gentlemen prefer blondes or not, Miss Weir told Eileen L. they are awfully conspicuous when they go out the side exit.

* * * *

No doubt the girls are good gymnasts but don't you think Mr. Dent expects a bit too much of them when he tells them to run up the blind?

* * * *

We notice Miss Johnson has removed the "Talk less! Work more" sign from the Study Room. Maybe it isn't needed anymore.

* * * *

Who is the "little hero" in 4B who gives Gladys the smile in Assembly each morning?

* * * *

A number of the students, when Mr. Asbury announced that the orchestra would play "Mazurka", thought some reference was being made to the head of the Classics Department.

* * * *

It is suggested that a miniature golf course be installed on the roof of the school.

* * * *

We hear Mr. Mendizabal is thinking of buying gags for the use of 3A in Assembly.

* * * *

They say Fred Hewitt has given up his moustache for Lent. Can it be true?

* * * *

Why does Hazel B. always choose the end seat in Assembly?

* * * *

Funny the number of boys that secured jobs for the Saturday afternoon that the girls played London Central.

* * * *

Our mathematical expert estimates that a dynamo attached to Mr. Dobbins' head during the playing of that tricky part in "Mazurka" would generate sufficient energy to shake Hart into a condition of wakefulness.

* * * *

Who is the "little" boy in 4A whom Miss Walker thinks of as a little baby and a spoiled child?

* * * *

Why is it that the girls of C3 always occupy the seats at the Boys' table in the Study Room although there are always plenty of empty seats at the Girls'?

* * * *

When Miss Walker stands there swinging her arms, in time to the voices from the rear of the room calling "Easy arm swinging—1—2—1—2", is she trying to reduce?

* * * *

Miss Martin wonders if Jean is the one guilty of leaving torn up notes in her desk. What do you think, Alan?



Oh, why do Ileen Lamb and Ralph Taylor bother Mr. Fielding so much! He might give incorrect answers to some of the questions on the examination papers.

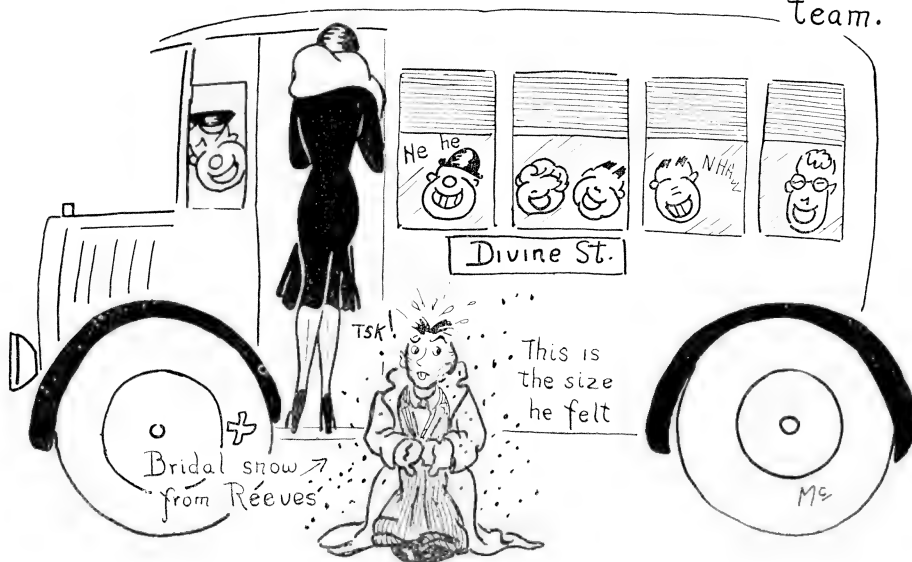
* * * *

Wonder what Miss Martin meant when she said, "When you sit down, sit up."?

* * * *

And was Miss Johnson annoyed with Jo Woodcock the day the girls in the west end study room entertained him with the pantomime?

So Backman had his honeymoon assisted
(or was it insisted?) by the rugby
team.



It seems that the Petrolia Cadet Inspection wasn't attended by such crowds of S.C.I. students this year. Discipline certainly is a wonderful thing.

* * * *

So kind of the girls to applaud the Cadet movements this year. Of course they had to be prompted, but it was appreciated anyway.

* * * *

Who was the tall blonde who found so much favour among the officers at the N.C.O.'s dance? There's nothing catches 'em like a uniform.

* * * *

We're beginning to realize that when Mr. Andrews says "Now there's no necessity for any talking in this class whatsoever," he means just that.

* * * *

Believe it or not—Ray Mulligan really cracked that old late excuse—"I saw a sign: 'School Go Slow'."

* * * *

And then there were the two girls who went tearing down the hall in search of the wedding only to find that the boys were going to rifle practice.



The cry of the Cadets—"Those !*!—!*!—?!—*!! officers stole our frost-bites."
* * * *

The General almost caused a riot at the Cadet Banquet calling our Band leader Mr. Bush.

* * * *

We wonder what Shakespeare would have thought if he could have seen 4A's presentation of his "Taming of the Shrew"?
* * * *

And then there was the time Edith broke up a date by singing one of the Rugby songs at the top of her voice, assisted by an able chorus.

Dell	SOME	mith
Norman Nich		l
Jean		acdonald
George St		dwell

Where did Dick Gates cultivate his craving for pop and green onions?

* * *

We always thought Gertrude wasn't a bit athletic 'till we heard she went rumble-seating every Sunday night.

* * *

Mary Gordo	NOTORIOUS	pland
James C		urnbull
Jean		herty
Tom D		itchie
Elsie		d
Bil Re		ldham
Crystal		nsworth
Wid		on

A kiss is something like gossip—it goes from mouth to mouth.

* * *

LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE

It's the little things that bother us,
And this we know for fact.
You can sit upon a mountain,
But not upon a tack.

* * *

Margaret Sm	FIFTH	red Samis
Gordon		th
Mar		raser
Alex		ha Vokes

What has Teskey's bad cold to do with his cutting up in Composition Class?

* * *

Is it consistent with the editorial dignity to consume lollipops in the biology lab?

* * *

Don McLe	FORMERS	rances Butler
Mary U		d
Gordon		quhart
D		urray
George Cla		ll Jardine

Dave Stanley's idea of early Shakespearean costume is, to say the least, highly original.

* * *

Our idea of the height of misfortune—a seasick man with lockjaw.

* * *

Russel Rowe thinks a cowl light is an illumination on a bovine.



Science

THE DIESEL ENGINE

By Hugo Borchardt, T4

Since the Great War the rapid development of aircraft has created an extensive demand for more efficient power plants. In considering the designs and construction of engines for aircraft installation the most important factor to keep in mind is the relationship between weight and horsepower; the more efficient a power plant is, the greater the horse-power per pound.

Then there is the cost of operation to be considered. This factor is, to some, in fact to most people, the governing consideration which dictates whether they shall or shall not buy a 'plane. If light planes could be purchased for the same price as an average priced car there would be a great increase in the aeroplane trade. The cost of operation is, therefore, an important factor in the construction of all new designs of engines.

While experimenting with various types of oil which could be used as a fuel, one of the well-known motor manufacturers found that as a cheap, efficient fuel, a certain grade of oil, known as fuel oil, had no equal. Then began the research work necessary to put on the world market, a radical form of power plant, which, for aircraft installation and all other uses where weight is an important factor, was far superior to the conventional type of gasoline engine.

The Diesel engine was originally designed and built to be used in large motor driven vessels where constant speed was maintained, but the large field of application offered in aviation industries soon changed the entire object which was first set forth,—that is, for use in motor driven ships. The

heads of aviation interests were not slow to see the possibilities of this type of engine, and gave the manufacturers of the engine their support. There are certain facts about the Diesel engine which give it a distinct advantage over the gasoline engine which is principally used for aircraft at the present time. The most important item from the standpoint of the pilot is the fact that the fuel used will not catch fire nor explode under even the most exacting conditions which may occur while flying or landing a plane equipped with this type of engine. The fuel used has first to be separated into a fine spray before it will burn. The cost of fuel is also an important detail not to be overlooked. The high quality gasoline used for aircraft where the type of fuel used is of great importance, will necessarily cost much more than the less refined oil which the Diesel engine uses as a fuel. This fact will at once place the Diesel engine in a superior position to that occupied by the gasoline engine. To civilian flyers, the fact that the engine costs less to operate than other types, of the same power, will at once be an inducement to spread aviation interests throughout the country.

The Diesel engine is of the same general principle as the gasoline engine, but there are changes in its construction which make it superior in every sense to the gasoline power plant. The Diesel engine is of the four-stroke cycle type. The first downward stroke of the piston draws in air from the single valve in the head of the cylinder. Then the piston comes up, the valve closes and the air is compressed to a small fraction



of its original volume. When air is compressed the temperature of the air rises. In the Diesel engine, as the piston comes up on the compression stroke the air drawn into the cylinder is compressed to such an extent that the temperature rises to one thousand degrees fahrenheit. When the piston has just begun its next downward stroke after compressing the air, a fine spray of fuel oil is injected into the cylinder above the piston. The heat created by the compression of the air in the cylinder, at once causes the oil to burn. The combustion is so violent that the piston is forced down. The power developed is transmitted to the crankshaft by the usual connecting rod assembly. The power is then changed into rotary motion by the crank shaft and crank throw. When the piston comes up after the power stroke has been completed the valve in the cylinder head opens and the exhaust gases pass out into the air. Then the cycle continues with the drawing in of fresh air which rushing past the one valve cools it and thus eliminates any cooling apparatus, which would add to weight, and also complications in design.

Let us now consider how the fuel is brought from the tank to the engine. In an aircraft power plant installation where the force of gravity cannot be utilized to force the fuel from the tank to the jets in the cylinder, a fuel pump must be used. The liquid fuel is then forced into the cylinders at the right moment in the form of a fine spray. As the pressure in the cylinder is very great at the moment the fuel is injected, the power behind the fuel must be greater than the pressure in the cylinder. The great pressure which the cylinders and various parts must withstand leads to mechanical complications. The cylinders must be specially designed, but these mechanical details are not of great importance to the owner of the engine.

The Diesel engine, which at first might be thought difficult to start, is really quite easy to start. The same methods are used in the starting equip-

ment as on the standard gas engines. The engine will start at very low temperatures because of the compression which is always within the engine itself. The Diesel engine is said to be ideal for high altitude flying, where the low density of the air is a restriction with the gasoline engine. The density of the air has no marked effect on the running condition of the Diesel engine. It has a rugged construction, few moving parts to break down under working stresses and no delicate adjustments to be maintained. The electrical instruments and ignition system, which are a constant source of trouble to the owner of the gasoline engine, are not found in the Diesel engine. This fact alone would convince many persons of the advantages of the oil engine. The engine lends itself admirably to installation in modern aircraft. Its lack of exposed working parts, and general clean design conforms to the stream lining of the fuselage of the plane, thus reducing head resistance and adding to the efficiency of the machine as a unit.

The Diesel engine, it would seem, could be installed with advantages in an automobile in place of a gasoline engine. Such is not the case however, for with all its advantages it has one fault. It does not vary its speed to any great extent. This is a disadvantage which as yet has not been overcome. In cars where the speed is constantly being changed the Diesel engine is not as efficient as the gasoline engine. Trucks which move at practically the same speed, or on long cross-country trips are sometimes equipped with the oil engine, but as yet their numbers are few. However, the foremost brains of the automotive world are concentrated on the production of a cheap, efficient means of power. The Diesel engine, with all its advantages bids fair to develop into the ideal power plant for which the modern inventive spirits are working. In the near future it is possible, indeed even probable that the Diesel engine will be the most widely used power plant in this machine age.



Back Row—W. Gunn, H. MacAdams, D. Tolmie, R. McLaughlin, L. Goring, B. Vanderveer, J. Driscoll, J. Genner.
 Middle Row—R. Nield, C. Chesher, M. Nield, J. Greason (President), D. Shortt, H. Bright, K. Oliver, B. Chamberlain.
 Front Row—E. Brown, D. Miller, R. Oliver, C. Miller, H. Cares.

MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB

The Model Aircraft Club came into existence in May, 1930, but other school activities such as Cadets and exams prevented much progress being made at that time.

The club was reorganized in October however, with fourteen members and the first contest was held on Dec. 13th. The club has adopted the badge of the Model Aircraft Cadets of Canada. In order to qualify for this badge the pilot is required to build a model R. O. G. and fly it successfully for an average of 15 seconds.

The club's program includes a trip to the Buhl Aircraft factory, and another to London, where we hope to be able to compete with the London club.

It is good fun—there is a satisfaction in making something that really flies. In learning to construct and fly these models the principles of flight are learned in such a practical way as not to be readily forgotten. Already one of our first members is at Camp Borden, and there is no doubt that in

the future some members of this club will find their vocation in some of the many branches of the aviation industry.

At the first contest, on December 13th the longest flight was made by H. Jackson—21 seconds; 2nd, H. Bright—17 seconds; 3rd, H. McPhail—10 seconds.

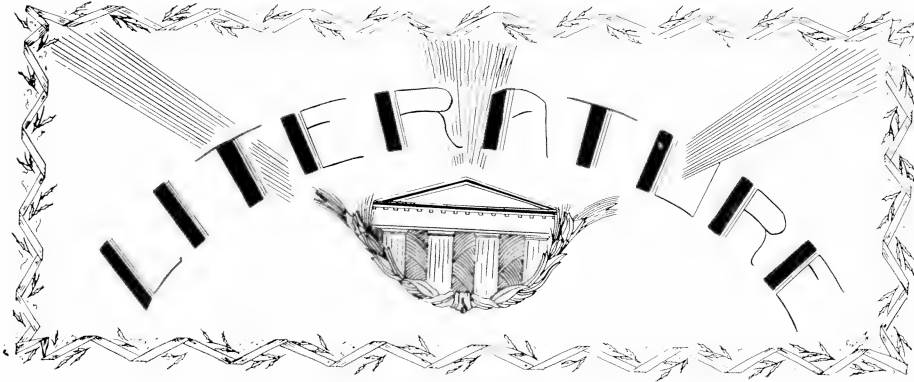
Since that time a flight of 33 seconds has been made by L. Goring, and one of 30 seconds by K. Oliver, both with the Baby R. O. G., the smallest model made. A flight of 40 seconds was also made by J. Greason with a larger model.

At the present time the twenty-four members are divided into four flights: First Flight—Flight Commander H. McPhail.

"B" Flight—Flight Commander E. Brown.

"The Dawn Patrol"—Flight Commander M. Nield.

"Hell's Angels"—Flight Commander B. Vanderveer.



A RIDICULOUS DREAM

By David Stanley, Coll. 4A

Winner of The 1931 "Collegiate" Short Story Competition
Judged by the Consulting Editors

"**R**EALLY Jack, I don't know what-
ever you're thinking about!
That's the fourth piece of
Christmas cake you've had to-night!
The last time you ate so much of it,
you tried to climb the bed-post. Be
careful!"

And with the proverbial heedless-
ness of youth, I reached for a fifth
piece.

* * *

I remember distinctly that the cal-
endar in the kitchen proclaimed the
date as January 22nd, 1985, as I came
down to breakfast. That day, a shop-
ping trip to Paris had been planned,
the party to be composed of mother,
Sis, and myself, acting in the capacity
of chauffeur and general porter. I
got the car out of the garage, cleaned
it, and stood back to view my work.
It was a gleaming, silvery monster,
built with one wide front seat—to a-
void back seat driving. The party
assembled and we were off. The signs
along the highway had talking mech-
anical men who extolled the goods
that their owners had to sell.

One sign quite amused us. A rest-
aurant robot, which kept innocently
repeating "Eat at Guigillana's—diet
home".

Our speedometer showed a speed of
250 miles an hour. But as Sis had an
appointment with a hairdresser in New
York, we had to double our speed.
We soon came to the Hudson River.
There was, of course, no bridge—that
commodity being out of date now
some twenty-five years. I shifted into
high gear and we rose in the air until
the stream was passed.

We had lunch on the nine hundred
and thirty-fifth storey of the Kresge
Building, and, as it was a fine clear
day, we could take a pair of field
glasses and look down at the people
engaged in wrecking the old Chrysler
building. We drove over the fine
avenue out to Ellis Island, where ex-
cavations were going on for the un-
earthing of the Statue of Liberty.
This had been lost during the oceanic
upheaval of 1942. During the violent
tidal wave, a great isthmus joining
France and North America had been
formed. A new highway had been
built across this neck of land, and over
it we were now speeding at 536 miles
an hour.

There were eight lines of traffic—
two for trucks, two for slow drivers
that only went one hundred miles an
hour and the other four were used for



fast cars. About half-way across this great highway-peninsula was the famed city of Atlantis, built like Venice of mediaeval fame. The towering buildings rose directly out of the water; aeroplanes hummed above us; especially a number of small "Zoops", with rumble seats. There were robot policemen up there, kept in position by a new method of suspending the law of gravity.

Soon we were out of Atlantis and speeding away to Paris, which we reached a little after four o'clock. We drove directly to the Rue de la Paix, where I left mother and went off to see the city. I was keenly interested in the Conservation Movement. There had been great metal domes set over Notre Dame, the Louvre and other buildings of historical importance in order that the edifices might not suffer

from the advances in building, which were taking place. The Eiffel Tower had been torn down in order to make way for the new Avenue Champs-Elysées, which was built right through Paris and has a width of two hundred feet.

The afternoon was nearly spent when we started home. The long highway illuminated by hydrogen-methane lamps, was a dazzling sight to our tired eyes. Then too, there were the lights of aeroplanes and zeppelins whizzing past, and the green glare of submarine liners bound for China. I was busily engaged with all there was to see and did not observe a large stream-lined bus bearing down upon us. Onward, steadily onward it came! The huge green lights glared at us like a cat's eyes. Crash!—I had fallen out of bed!

IN TIME OF NEED

By Mary Urquhart, Vth

"**H**EY Fern'and, there he is again! Look at him! That's the second time this week. There must be a fire over to th' other side of the mountain. C'me on back here on the steps; you can see him fine here."

Dropping his armful of wood, Fern'and scampered across the yard to join Louis on the porch of the parish hall. For nearly ten minutes the two small faces gazed intently up at the sky, watching the silver streak that circled once or twice above their heads, swooping so low that once they could read the number on its wing, then veering away to the North. Wistfully they stared after it, till even the roar of its engines had died away in the distance.

"Well I 'spose we better get back to work, but don't I wish he'd come down

here and take me up."

"Don't I," answered Louis, "it must be swell to go so fast as that, even faster than the train I saw at Alexandria."

"I haven't never even seen a train. What's it like, Louis? Is it like a plane or a boat?"

"Aw, 'taint like neither, silly; it ain't near as pretty; it's only big and black and dirty and some of 'em are as slow as Uncle Pete's old fish boat. Wish I had one right now though, to haul this wood, my arms are getting tired."

He surveyed first the uneven heap of newly sawn wood on the ground; then the neat piles in the shed—it would be the winter's supply for three buildings when completed—church, presbytery and parish hall.

"I'd like to quit, too, but I promised Father that I'd stick it all week—



anyway, I want a wagon I saw in the catalogue. Don't 'spose I'll ever get it. There, this'll be the last load—there's the bell for six o'clock."

His arms so full that his brown eyes barely peeked over the top stick, Fern'and started across the yard. Breaking into a run he tripped over a stone and dropped every single log. Stooping to help, Louis dropped his, too. The priest watched from the verandah as, half crying at the delay, half laughing at their own clumsiness, they stowed away the last slab of wood and then the two little figures disappeared down the road to home and supper.

They were two of the smallest of his flock but two of the dearest. Bright, winsome lads with their mixed parentage of English, French and Indian. Would they, he wondered, be like their brothers when they grew up—content to idle round the water front of the tiny village? Had the great world really made the progress that it seemed to have, when he made his yearly trip home to the city? His parish seemed almost unchanged. A tiny settlement nestled on the northern shore of a great lake; it was cut off by a range of mountains from all land communication with the outside world. A railway would never touch it, a road of any kind was unlikely. True, there were two cars in the village, but his city friends would hardly call them cars, rickety machines that jounced and bounced from boulder to boulder. Boats of all kinds there were, from tourists' palatial yachts to the noisy fishboats and graceful Indian sailboats. It was a strange community—less advanced, even, than the land to the north, which had been but a desolate waste when he first came to serve these people. That had been nearly forty years ago. Ill-health had compelled him to leave a city parish and he had hated this back-woods village with every fibre of his being. He loved it now. They were a sturdy people, these fisher-lumbermen. He was father, judge and even moving-picture operator to them. They were his children. Again the picture of

Louis and Fern'and, as they had stood on the steps gazing with rapt admiration at the ranger's plane, rose before his eyes. Planes had a fascination for young and old. Certainly there had been fewer bush-fires since the founding of the forest patrol. Perhaps they might prove a blessing in many other ways—who could tell?

It was a stormy day in March. Louis and Fern'and stopped at the presbytery on the way home from school. "Please," said Louis, "Could you come over to our house sometime soon. Ma's sick too, and Priscilla keeps getting worse."

"My Pop was awful grouchy this mornin'," added Fern'and, "I think he must be sick too."

With a smile the priest assured them that he would do his best, but, as he turned back into the house, his face, already weary, became even more worried. The dread "flu" was rampant in the little village. For two nights now he had kept vigil. They had no doctor. Three days before he had given the mail-carrier an urgent message to bring back medical aid—but neither mail-carrier nor doctor could come for many days.

The ice had begun to break—all travel over it was impossible—nor could there be any water travel. The difficult trail over the mountains was the only way in and in this blizzard it was impossible. When help could come, it might be too late for many.

There were several fine nurses among the women but medicine and trained skill were needed. Wearily he started on his rounds. Late that night the bell tolled for an old woman—at dawn, for Fern'and's Uncle Joe. Louis' wee sister Priscilla was very low, while many others of all ages were sorely stricken.

There was no school that day. Sorrowfully Louis and Fern'and walked back the trail, not knowing what to do—when suddenly—"Listen, Louis, do you hear a plane? I think I do—sure enough, there she is—see?"

The speck grew larger and larger.



Fascinated, they watched, till circling round their heads it swooped down and landed in a near-by field. Their sorrows forgotten the boys tore across the intervening space, getting there just in time to see three people get out.—a young man in pilot's costume and two passengers, a man and a woman warmly wrapped in furs.

"Is this the village where there is a 'flu' epidemic? Did you send for a doctor?" demanded the second man. Fern'and was dumb but Louis piped up, "Don't know what 'fludemic' is but we got a lot of sick folks. If you're a doctor come on."

That night a grateful priest was giving thanks to Him who had not failed him in his hour of need. The mail-carrier had got through and assistance had been sent by the quickest way known—air.

Three weeks later—the whole populace went back to the field—the plane

was waiting. They would scarcely let their doctor and nurse go. Some owed them their own lives—nearly all had had some dear one saved. The farewells were over—the plane rose into the air and veered to the north. The crowd began to scatter but three remained after all the others had gone, the priest, Louis and Fern'and. They gazed intently after the tiny speck till even the roar of its engines was lost in the distance. Fern'and was the first to break the silence.

"Gee, I'd like to fly one of those things, wouldn't you, Louis?"

"Kinda, but I'd like to be a doctor, too. You could take me places, though. Couldn't he, Father?"

A tender hand on the head of each boy, the priest looked once more towards the great forest-clad hills that formed the barrier and said softly, "Perhaps you may, my son."

MUMMIES—DEAD AND ALIVE

By Gordon Ritchie, Coll. 4A

A GLOWING red sun dropped down, sliding behind weirdly shadowed temples till it touched the hot parched desert; it halted for a moment; then with a triumphant rush, plunged, as it were, through the hot earth's crust, to cool itself on the other side of the world.

It was now almost dark—the ancient ruins looked strange and queer, yet fascinating and mystically beautiful in the quickly deepening gloom. Two forms on donkeys crept out from a broken doorway and slowly rode across the desert toward the little village and the twinkling lights of the tourist hotel.—For an instant a following, gliding shadow slipped past a white wall and was lost in the darkness.

An hour later, two men sat down, a

little apart from the other groups, on the piazza of the tourist hotel. One was a small man with a rather pleasant face, the other had a more learned appearance. Their names had been entered in the hotel books a month previous, a Mr. George Martin, and his friend Professor Jellicoe, a noted Egyptologist.

"Well, another week will see us on our way home; and now, it's rather sad to have to go, when you come to think of it. The boys would like to stay longer, I'm sure they would,—they seem to have become so interested in these old Egyptian temples."

So saying, they arose, spoke a word or two to a group at a table as they passed, and entered the hotel.

Very early the next morning, two boys rode across the little stretch of



desert to the high columns of the ancient temple. Threading their way through the columns and broken blocks and arches, they came to a place near the other side, where the removal of several blocks revealed a newly cleared opening. They stooped, entered and after stopping up the opening behind them, groped their way to a side gallery. After a minute of searching in the darkness, three small torches were produced and one was lit. Quickly they took their pick, levers, and a knife and continued on their way down and down, past other galleries, yet without hesitation, as if they knew their way. At the end of a passage, they clambered over a great heap of broken stone and proceeded on their way through the damp, dark tunnels. It was difficult going now, for these passages were half-filled with debris; the stones felt cold and wet, horrible to the touch; a lizard slipped across the floor and slimy creatures scuttled away as the wavering light dimly lit the tunnel. At last a wall seemed to bar further progress, but the boys did not hesitate; instead they began to tap the wall as if they expected some further passage. Ah! a hollow sound; levering, prying, shoving, they managed to dislodge a stone.

The two crawled in, but the torch immediately went out. Alas! the air was bad; they must hurry out and let it clear. With trembling hands they relit the torch; delay might be fatal, yet what else could be done? It did not take the air long to clear, for a strange draught blew down the gallery. What could it mean? Some other opening? Probably just a branch leading to earth again.

Hastily a sheet of old parchment was withdrawn from an inner pocket. Good! this was the cell. Where was the tomb? Here at this side. A great stone sarcophagus with sculptured lid stood near the wall. What a task they had in lifting the cover; at first it seemed immovable but it budged at last; the rest would be quick, easy.

Suddenly a weird horror seized

them, uncanny, almost reverent. The silence was awful; the close damp air oppressing. Now the mummy, the jewels,—they were theirs. They hesitated no longer—the torch—now burning dimly,—was lowered to the tomb.

A sheeny glitter below—ah! the jewels! Down went a hand, grasping, clutching—at—jewels? No! warm, sticky, human blood!

A glowing red sun dropped quickly down, sliding behind weirdly shadowed temples, till it touched the hot, parched desert; it halted for a moment, then with a triumphant rush, plunged, as it were, through the hot earth's crust to cool itself on the other side of the world.

It was now almost dark,—a man appeared in the doorway of the tourist hotel, and quickly joined an anxious group at a table, a little apart from the others.

"He's doing well now, much better than was expected; although he looked bad enough at first, he wasn't seriously hurt. It seems that the ruffians were tracking us, Jellicoe, instead of the two boys, sent this chap out last night to spy, and because he didn't get some old diagram or plan or something, they turned their anger on him."

"Then the rascals accidentally broke into the tunnels this morning, found the cell, and got the jewels the boys were after. Then for some new offence, they set upon our friend in there, and thinking they had killed him, left him in the tomb with the mummy for company. That's where the boys found him. But how he got those jewels in the fight without their ever noticing is beyond me. Oh well! the chap is recovering and seems to have reformed, although he does want to go back and see if he can't find more 'jools'."

"I say, won't the rest of his former cronies be in a rage when they find he's got their loot?—Good night Jellicoe, good night boys."



LOST

By Anna Lott, 3C

A MAIDEN wandered far, far from home; so far that she became lost. Gazing half-fearfully, half-rapturously upon her surroundings, she saw a pool. She was very tired, so she rested beside the pool.

The sun set amid wisps of mist, and Dusk softly enfolded the weary world. The Maiden watched the Stars appear like tiny flowers, "Ah", she breathed, "if only one could come down to me and talk!" The night deepened, a bird called; the pool became lighted by star reflections.

A Star Child arose from one of them and said, "You are lonely. Come with me and we shall dance as you have never danced before. Listen! our music!" sweet pipes sounded; perhaps they were the frogs singing.

The Maiden listened and heard, "Ah if I only could! To dance with the stars! What joy! But I am mortal. I cannot dance with you." She sighed.

The Star Child heard her sigh and spoke gently, softly; "Earth Maiden, can you not put aside your knowledge of worldly things just for one night? Leave yourself free to wander and become lost; let your fancies o'ersway your wisdom of facts, and come and play with me. Look! Mother Moon is coming over the trees, sending down her silver stairways. I know, you only see moonbeams. But look closely; see the tiny steps leading into the sky. Quickly! You must choose!"

"Oh Star Child, how I should love to come! I want to, oh, so much."

A breeze stirred the water, breaking the other Star Flowers into myriads of fragments.

"Now! your opportunity has come!

Pick up one piece of the Star Flower nearest you. There! now rub gently between your palms. See, it is now fine, silvery star dust. Rub some on your shoes and we shall climb."

"Hold my hand, dear Star Child, I am afraid; but such a rapturous fear!"

"Often have I seen you slumbering softly in your bed, and wished you would wake and come and dance. I, too, once was an Earth Child and knew the meaning of facts. Even the word itself is cold and cheerless. I hungered for freedom and wandered far, far away in my fancies, until I became lost. I was useless on Earth, so I lived with others like myself and danced in the garden of Mother Moon."

"I wonder, could I stay too? I love my dreams so much that mortals call me a "good-for-nothing."

"Come, we are here. Forget your cares and dance. Dance as you have never danced before."

They danced together, the Earth Maiden and the Star Child. Both were enraptured; both danced until the sentinel owl hooted his soft warning in the sky and the fairy tinkling of the bluebells arose from earth.

"It is almost dawn! We must go. We shall slide down the ladders. Hold tightly. Wasn't it fun? I must leave you now, Earth Maiden. Good-bye! We shall meet again."

"Oh! But may I not come and live among fancies as you have done?"

"Alas! you must not think of it! I know Fancies are so beautiful and Facts are so cruel, but you can depend on Facts. Do not lose yourself again. No, never dream of it again. I shall come to your window some night and



talk with you, but that is all. Farewell, Earth Maiden, you were lost in Fancies but have now found your way. Farewell!"

"Farewell, Star Child."

"O Jessie, dear! have you been sleeping again and your homework still unfinished?"

"Mother, when one dreams, does one become lost?"

"Yes, child, Fancies are another

world; they are fascinating, beautiful and undependable."

"Mother, are Facts always cruel and imprisoning?"

"Why no, Facts are bases of life; necessities. When you believe in Facts, you are never disappointed. To become enslaved to Fancies is to become lost. Away with this! Goodness! You are a strange child!"

"Perhaps, mother, but how fascinating and wonderful to become lost!"

A SUNRISE

By Gordon Ritchie, 4A

Winner of The 1931 "Collegiate" Essay Competition
Judged by the Consulting Editors

IN ALL Nature's works of art—her rivers, her lakes, her forests, her mountains, her clouds, her skies—there stand out two great masterpieces of colour and harmony, sunrise and sunset. Perhaps the more delicate and exquisite of the two is that gradual change from darkness to light that proclaims the dawning of a new day.

It was May in British Columbia. We had stopped for a few days at a bungalow-hotel, high up on the side of a great mountain. We had ridden along old Indian trails to visit glaciers and caves; we had walked through mighty forests and had caught glimpses of deer and of bears; we had watched the sun set behind lofty mountain peaks and had walked beside mystic lakes, sparkling in the moonlight. We thought we had seen all the most wonderful sights of the magnificent mountain resort, but our guide said, "Before you leave, you must still make one excursion. You cannot go back to the East and say you have seen the beauties of the mountains until you

can say you have seen the sun rise here." That is why, one night in the chilly darkness, we rose, and after a cup of hot coffee and some sandwiches started on a ride up the mountain. We were glad our ponies were sure-footed, for it was still too dark for us to see the path, but they knew the way.

At four o'clock we sat waiting in a little niche high up the mountain side. It was not absolutely dark, but just a dusky gloom. Far below lay the valley, buried in night.

Minutes passed; I shivered. More minutes crawled by; then a cold gray light, (no, it was scarcely a light; one couldn't really see it at first, just feel it, like a cloud) crept over the distant range. Then the highest surrounding peaks became tinged with pink, only the summits at first. Gradually the colour stole lower, the snowy peaks were bathed in a delicate rose, but all the while the lower parts remained enshrouded in darkness. A glorious arch of harmonious colours formed above the farthest range; far streamers of pink, bands of orange and yellow,



with a centre of concentrated red. Then the tip of the crimson orb appeared above the mountains and slowly rose, bathing them in a ruddy glow. In a few minutes the light crept down the mountain sides, dispersing the cold, clammy mists which clung to the forests. A lone bird soared up out of the dissolving mists, disappeared, and all was still again.

The sun seemed to free itself from the restraining mountains and in triumph, the great orb of day shone forth in its full glory. By this time the gloom of night had been chased

even from the valley. Far below us a fruit orchard lay in delicate beauty and the early morning sunbeams made the blossoms shine like a great bridal bouquet. A shimmering lake reflected, on its still surface, orchards, tiny houses, and mountain peaks. Wisps of smoke rose from the chimneys to show that men too were beginning another day.

Reluctantly we mounted our ponies to ride back to our hotel, thankful we had not missed that majestic sight of Sunrise in the mountains.

WHY?

By Margaret Smith, Vth

"I know a curious little boy
Who is always asking 'Why?'"

SO starts a little poem which proceeds to enumerate some of the questions this little philosopher asks. The desire to link up cause with effect is present in a greater or less degree in the minds of all of us, but humanity owes a huge debt of gratitude to the great enquiring minds of the present and of the past. The little minds content to take every thing for granted may sneer at their fellows who are always on the quest for the cause beyond the effect, and may call them "dreamers" but without them our present day store of knowledge would have been impossible.

From the earliest of times man has been trying to find out "why". His explanations of natural events have too often been of a speculative character. Even Plato and Socrates were more concerned in matters metaphysical than in developing natural science. Aristotle was the first great scientist. He wasn't content with theorizing

only, but experimented, measured, and examined in his effort to establish natural laws. His findings were not always correct but he led the way into a new realm of thinking.

Since Aristotle's time, man has sailed far on the sea of science. At first he had to fight against the storms of superstition and indifference. His instruments were crude. A false theory established by some early pioneer often set him far astray. But in spite of all these difficulties he has sailed far. Into many unknown territories he has ventured—sometimes to be disappointed in not finding what he sought. However, every little discovery of some man made it easier for others to sail on. As Tennyson said, "Science moves, but slowly, slowly creeping on from point to point."

The scientists and the inventors in their tireless efforts to answer innumerable "whys" have been rewarded by priceless discoveries which have resulted in the marvellous achievements of our present day civilization. They



have shown us how to apply the power stored up in coal, how to use steam, how to harness electricity and put it to a great variety of uses, how to wage a winning battle against disease, how to create new and better species of plants. The more recent discoveries of wireless transmission of sound and television and man's conquest of the air in these later years read like the "fairy tales of science", of which Tennyson speaks.

Perhaps a list of some of these tales with the names of their authors might read thus:

- "The Law of Gravitation"
—Sir Isaac Newton.
"The Wonders of the Heavens"
—Galileo Galilei.

- "The X Ray"
—William Rontgen.
"The Incandescent Lamp"
—Thomas A. Edison.
"The Importance of Microbes"
—Louis Pasteur.
"The Steam Engine"
—James Watt.
"The Orbits of the Planets"
—Nicholas Copernicus.
"The Telephone"
—Graham Bell.

The fairy tales of science provide me with answers for many of the "whys" of the curious little boy, about whom I told you and so—

"Some of his whys are not too hard
To answer if you'll try;
Of others, no one ever yet
Has found the reason why".

SPEED

By Donald Hillier, Coll. 4A

THIS IS an age of speed. Speed is the object and ambition of all scientific research and invention. It is the subject of world-wide discussion. On land or sea or in the air the cry for speed rises louder and louder each day. Whether for pleasure, or for business and commerce, speed is essentially the first factor to be considered. The old-fashioned sail-boat, the horse and wagon have yielded to the demand for more speed. Now, their places are filled by huge steel monsters, propelled by vast, complicated engines of unlimited speed and crushing power. The thought of crossing the Atlantic in anything less than a week would have been ridiculed and considered as nothing less than insanity, only a few years ago. Today the crossing is only a matter of a few hours. In similar proportion nearly every process of manufacture and production has been speeded up.

With the development of the air-

plane, the greatest step forward in the line of speed was taken. Our fastest mode of travel to-day is by air. Aviation is no longer a sport and an adventure only to be attempted by the daring. Travel by air has reached the stage at the present time, where it is just as safe as travel on land. Yet even greater accomplishments are to be expected of airplanes in the future.

The world's speed record on land now stands at two hundred and forty-five miles per hour, having been recently set by Sir Malcolm Campbell, British racing driver. Within the next few years it is prophesied that this will be quite an ordinary rate of travel and that pleasure cars and transport trucks will be travelling at over two-hundred miles per hour. The problem of highways will necessarily confront us. Many magnificent and costly highways have been planned and without a doubt these plans will be put into effect before long.



Trans-Atlantic trips will be mere afternoon jaunts. Great rocket-propelled planes will run on regular schedule between the large European cities and American cities. Huge stream-lined cars, suspended from a single overhead rail, will cross the continent in a few hours. According to scientific calculations we will travel in a world of absolute silence. The vehicle, being propelled by rockets will travel faster than sound itself.

The power plant being situated at the rear of the car, the sound of its engines will never reach the occupants passenger compartment. A passenger will be able to have continual daylight or continual darkness throughout his entire journey, since the speed of these vehicles will equal that at which the earth revolves on its axis. It is even predicted that this speed will be exceeded as time goes on. Speeds of over eleven hundred miles per hour will be attained, in which case, a passenger, leaving London, England will arrive in New York several hours be-

fore he started according to our present time system.

It is true that this is only a prediction, but it is certain to become a wonderful and true reality in the near future. Looking back a few years, we see with awe and amazement what unbelievable changes have taken place along these lines in the last fifty years. Considering this, we are more than justified in believing that all these predictions for the future of the scientific world will be fulfilled to the last degree.

Then the question arises of how this movement will affect the moral and social conditions of the people. This is a question which cannot be wisely and fairly discussed at this time, but it is certain that with an increase in the rate of travel, the nations of the world will be brought into closer contact with each other. This should tend toward a feeling of friendship and unity, and consequently be a major force in the acquirement of world peace.

A MODERN "MISS PROSS" SEES PARIS

By Barbara May, Coll. 2B

PARIS is the City of Pleasure. It is the cradle of the freshest thought, the newest fashion, and the latest luxury. Art museums tempt us to behold their treasures; gardens and parks lure us within their shaded grounds. Cafés and boulevards attract us with their gaiety; historical cathedrals and monuments add charms to these delights.

The nucleus of Paris is the Place de la Concorde. Here is perhaps the most magnificent square in the world. The spacious area itself causes the unaccustomed visitor to catch his breath in admiration and delight. The first bewildering glance reveals in the centre, the well-known obelisk of Luxor flanked by two sparkling fountains and guarded by a chain of colossal statues. On one side is the swiftly flowing Seine, upon another lies the Garden of

the Tuileries; a third side opens into the Champs-Élysées; while toward the north, a handsome street discloses the majestic portal of the Madeleine, a beautiful church of Grecian architecture. Over the smooth, firm pavement cabs come and go. Forty artistic shafts in bronze hold up around this area at night their torches of illumination, and two colossal fountains here are probably unsurpassed in symmetry and beauty. This splendid square, crossed and recrossed continually by joyous crowds, seems to have been appropriately named, 'The Place of Peace'. But a moment's reflection almost leads one to believe that the title was given ironically. On the spot where falls the shadow of the obelisk, rose formerly the hideous guillotine, whose glittering knife in swift succession descended on the necks of the ill-



fated Louis XVI, beautiful Marie Antoinette and thousands of the nobles of France. Here M. Defarge stood with her fatal knitted register. Here, too, the brutal mob assembled day after day to cheer and sing the "Ca ira," as head after head—young, old, proud, beautiful, and famous—rolled from the bloody scaffold to mingle in the common basket that awaited them.

Paris boasts of the Palace of the Louvre. Like the cathedrals, it is open to all worshippers—the rich, the poor, the grand, the obscure. One of its most magnificent rooms is the Gallery of Apollo, where the walls are covered with life-size portraits wrought in Gobelin tapestry, and framed in gilt. The ceiling itself is a picture gallery. In the glass cases Miss Pross might now see such objects as the diamond-hilted sword of Napoleon valued at \$400,000, or the famous Regent diamond valued at \$3,000,000. In the distance, she might perceive the renowned Venus de Milo, that beautiful statue which so late as in 1820 lay buried in the earth on a small island of the Mediterranean.

In the centre of the City is the Opéra, imposing and majestic. Over the doorway a colossal statue of Apollo holds a harp at a dizzy height. The steps of the staircase are solid blocks of snow-white marble, and banisters of jasper rest on pedestals of green malachite. During the whole performance only the richest and most elegant costumes seem worthy to adorn this glittering stairway and its brilliant corridors.

The Boulevards, though there are many new ones in Paris, have been transformed into a line of splendid thoroughfares beginning at the Madeleine and ending in the Place de la Bastille. The buildings are of uniform height; the streets are admirably paved, and the sidewalks are usually thirty or forty feet in breadth. At midnight or on Sunday afternoons when the streets are very crowded they look like armies marching ten abreast. Many vehicles are seen on the streets. The most remarkable feature of the

Parisian boulevards is the life in their cafés. Sometimes for many blocks one can notice nothing but cafés—all blazing with electric lights, blushing in gorgeous upholstery, and multiplied in glittering mirrors. Before them on the sidewalks are numberless little tables where well-dressed men and women enjoy themselves. In the centre of the streets are the gaily painted metal kiosques. They are attractive by day and by night. In each one a woman's head appears from a mass of newspapers, books and railway guides; for these kiosques are the useful and artistic newstands of the city.

Upon a little island in the centre of the Seine stands the historic church of Notre Dame. This old cathedral is a noble specimen of Gothic architecture. The long-drawn aisles, the fluted columns, the delicately-painted arches, the lofty intersections of the nave and the transepts, the splendid windows of stained glass, through which the sunlight falls, in ruby and golden tints—all these would have had a mysterious charm for Miss Pross and would have made her speak in softer tones. She would be well repaid if she could ascend to the towers of Notre Dame to gain a comprehensive view of Paris. Directly beneath flows the Seine, which shoots onward like an arrow under the bow-shaped bridges, dividing palaces and gardens in its flight.

Outlined distinctly against the sky, although two miles distant, is that famous French metropolis—the Eiffel Tower. The Eiffel Tower is colossal, but not inartistic. It is a miracle of strength and lightness; the loftiest structure ever reared by man. Yet it is graceful and symmetrical from base to summit. Upon its steps, and in its corridors, restaurants, shops and theatres, ten thousand people can assemble at one time. When crowded, the Eiffel Tower is a veritable city.

Paris is a city of pleasure, an art gallery, a historical museum. "Truly", Napoleon said, "Today has for a constant background Yesterday; Past and Present move side by side like me and my shadow."



WAR

By Hugh Anderson, 4A

ACROSS the great dome of Heaven, Mars sped in his chariot of fire. From his encasement of shining steel armour he gazed down on one of his handiworks. There below him, two factions were struggling to the death for supremacy—behind him lay a path of desolation; ruin, destruction and loss of life were the sheaves he garnered from his toil. On, ever on he sped always leaving behind him a path of red. . . .

War is not a new subject to deal with but one with which we are all more or less familiar. From the very dawn of history, we find that man possessed a desire to suppress his fellow being; a jealousy of his brothers' ambitions and possessions.

Archeologists delving into the mysteries of the stone age have revealed evidences of war in that age. Skeletons with bits of stone implements embedded in the bones at different points, show that the stone age man was called upon by Mars to fight his brother.

Our histories are engraved in red with the battles of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Israelites, the Medes and Persians and the other tribes that inhabited the world at the dawn of history.

We have all read of the Greek wars. The story of the crafty Ulysses and his comrades besieging Troy is familiar to everyone. The Massacre of the Trojans at the downfall of their city is only a part of the path of red left behind by Mars.

Caesar, the Roman military genius, conquered Gaul and suppressed the Britains. His struggles were not arbitrated by word of mouth but were decided in the sacrifice of thousands of manly lives to the God of War.

Henry V of England went to war with France in outward appearance because of his claim to the French

throne through the Salic Law, but inwardly it was jealousy for wider dominions and power that caused him to become a servant of Mars.

And so, on down through the ages, we find Jealousy as the team of horses drawing the chariot of Mars. Napoleon was jealous for power, therefore, the Napoleonic Wars. Europe was a seething mass of jealousy in 1914 and every country was awaiting an excuse to make war on his neighbour.

The bits of stone weapons in the skeletons of the Stone age men signify the cruel death they must have died. Our histories are filled with minute descriptions of the sufferings and death of the slaves to Mars. We can remember the destruction of the last Great War; the rending apart of mother and son, father and children, at times, fathers and mothers from children. We need only to walk down the street to see evidences of battledays; men with arms or legs shot away, faces disfigured, or that nervous twitch betraying a shell shocked mind or gassed lungs. Scientists forecasting for us a future war in which aeroplanes will sail over communities dropping small phials of a liquid that will destroy thousands of people in a few seconds. And yet in the face of all these horrors of war, these results of the toil of Mars, Man still continues to be the servant of that god War.

The countries of the world to-day are spending more on war equipment than they did in the last war of 1914-18. France has been cited as "build-ind around her a shell of steel, concrete and cannon". There is in the United States a party which is pressing for the extension of the armaments of that country. China and Russia are thickets in which the prickles are guns. Italy is ready for war at a moment's notice and Germany keeps



her armaments at the maximum allowed by the Treaty of Versailles. These countries and others of the world consider themselves civilized and yet, at a moment's notice, they are prepared to sacrifice to Mars who represents all that is barbaric, brutal, and unjust in man.

True we have a League of Nations which is working for World Peace but you are mistaken if you believe that the League, alone, can break the bands that tie us to Mars. No matter how many Kellogg Pacts or naval treaties are formed or how many Disarmament Parleys are held, they can do no good until they have the support of every individual person within each country.

In United States during the recent Naval Conference the Hearst Syndicate of newspapers continually placed letters on their front pages ridiculing the conferences and asking that the United States envoys be brought home. Their chief argument was that the United States should not

become involved in European affairs. Have these agitators not heard of the invention of radio, that messages can span the world in a few seconds, that aeroplanes can travel from America to Europe in a little over a day? These things have changed this old world; no longer is it the enormous globe of Columbus, but now a tiny sphere. Where do the exports of the United States go? Canada does not buy them all. What about Europe? United States is bound to Europe so tightly, so securely, that she must recognize the issues before the peoples of Europe, for their issues are those of the United States.

To gain World Peace we must have friendliness between nations. What better place is there to start than here in America where sixty nations of the world are represented? Let us do our part to put the monkey-wrench in the machine of Mars. Let us do our share to make the League court a success and to insure the coming of the New Day when War shall be no more.

STORM

By Mabel Couse, 4B

SHADOWS were falling and day declining and a cool breeze was driving away the hot stickiness of a mid-summer day. The trees swayed. A blaze of fire sank into the water. Whence came these clouds? Sand lifted slightly from the beach. The poplars caught a menacing note and turned white with fear.

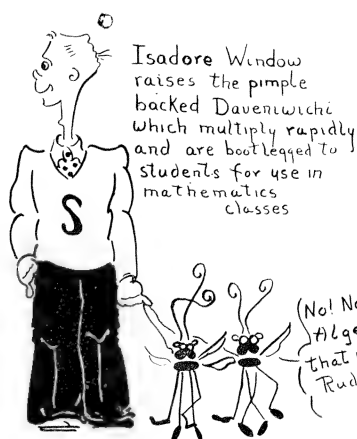
A rain-drop spattered, a big rain-drop—the poplars trembled—more big rain-drops followed in quick succession. The breeze had become a full-grown wind, fast ripening into a

gale; the lake had become an angry monster, hungrily grasping waves full of sand and stones. The quivering poplars swayed and beat the rain as if in resentment of its intrusion on their peace. The wind lashed the waves; the waves lashed the shore.

Suddenly the wind died and water pattered gently on water. The poplars somewhat reassured ceased their wild swaying, and the rain washed their grateful leaves. All night the rain fell, easily, gradually, and in the morning the sun pierced through the clouds and day reigned.



HOW WE AVOID THE UNEMPLOYMENT SITUATION



No! No!
Algernon
that is not
Rudy Vallee



Hyman Lowe sometimes
Known as Moanin' Lowe
Sells alibis to Freshmen
at so much per.
Per what? Perhaps.

I wanna
go to the
game and
I haven't any
Grandmother



Annabelle Rang
insists on taking
home all the
frogs legs from
zoology *because
they make such
darling picture
frames" and serves
frog leg dinners
once a week at
2 bucks a plate



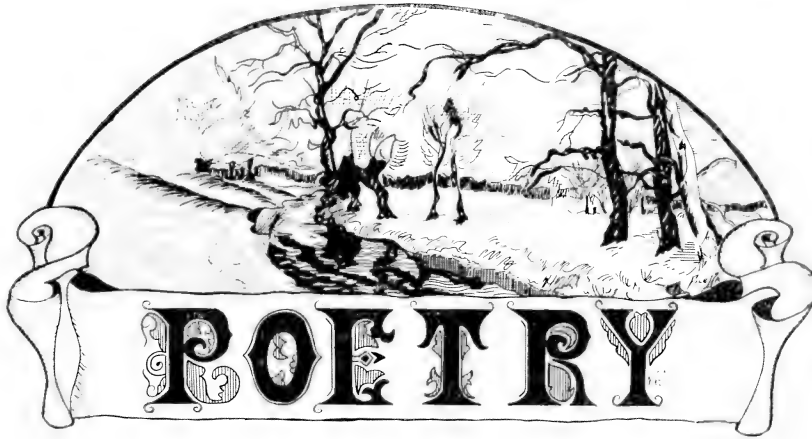
Ura Schutchunsuch
made his money
by piecing
together the
notes found in
Commercial
desks and selling
them to the student
body as hot
Literature



'scuse me I forgot about
the girl who does extra typing
for backward files, three sheets
for ten cents



MARIAN



HILLS

Winner of the "Collegiate" Poetry Competition.

*Hills are the ancient guardians
Of this fair land; their lofty peaks
Tower o'er its stately entrances
North, east and west; they watch
O'er cities' busy bustling din,
O'er rivers, lakes and farms.*

*I know not all these mighty hills;
But of that great Laurentian range
One rocky spur is known to me
That circles round the Georgian Bay.
Better than all the rest, I know
And love some dozen peaks which guard
A certain isolated channel.
I've seen them on a summer's day
A hazy blue in harmony
With lake and sky; I've seen
Them purple in the setting sun,
Or yet at night a dim black line
While northern lights around them play.
Sometimes at dawn or in a storm
The mists creep softly down their slopes
And lift—to rise and fall again;
Or now the sheets of driving rain
Blot them out utterly from view.
I've seen and felt all this and more,
I know and love their every mood.*



*They have a noble majesty
Which awe inspires, and makes me feel
How infinitely small I am.
But when I troubled feel or tired
I lift my eyes unto their heights—
My cares then seem such petty things!
They fade away and leave my soul
Enveloped in a peaceful calm.*

—MARY C. URQUHART.

AURORA

*Slow died the northern flickering spears
To rolling banks of light,
That gleamed, then quivered all along
The frosty rim of night,
To die, leaving alone the stars
That shivered in the sky,
And the soft fall of the moon's pale beams
On snows that widespread lie.
Awake! It is not well to sleep
When Nature is awake,
Adding new glories to the scene
Of river, hill and lake,
Showing how futile all man's skill,
His artistry so small
Before the marshalled hosts she owns
To hold in constant thrall.
What peace there lies where slopes roll down
Where Hudson once had been,
You know a glorious summer crown
As well as winter keen.
Slumber too soon will close the eyes
'Tis not long to the light
As the bright sun will rise again
Out of the depths of night.*

MARJORIE F. PATERSON.



PIONEERS

Over the briny deep, our fathers came,
Into a land of woods where not the flame
Of sunset could be seen, all was the same
Dark, sullen, green and brown, with blue
Skies over-head—amidst the heavy dew
Of morn, they worked, until the dew
Of night returned—then went to bed.
They worked and toiled and fought and bled
To save their country's flag—the dead
Lie in yon cedar grove. They carried on,
They cleared the land—with joyful song
They praised their God for having long
Upheld them through the wintry storms,
For having caused the air to warm
When Spring returned with her charm
Of soft green colour, warming rain.
Then came the summer—flowing grain—
The sultry heat—the harvest once again.

* * * *

They reap'd, they thresh'd, they stored away
Their golden deeds for other days—
The end—they've crossed the bar—away
Gone—the Pioneers.

Over the bourne of endless time
We sail along. Doth peace sublime
Attend our persons thro' each clime?
Eternal darkness or great joy
Which shall it be? Or shall we toy
Along our way, without the joy
When eve draws nigh, of having done
A goodly deed? Where e'er the sun
Doth shine, the race of man has run—
Some swift and keen, some slow and late
Pause not a whit, trust not to fate.
Fear not the storm; it will abate
When one does try, and braves it well.
Let thy good life ring as a bell
That calls all men, good news to tell.
Press on for suffering mankind;
Help heal the soul, and cure the blind;
Delve into myst'ries; knowledge find.

* * * *

The path is rugged, steep the way—
When we are gone shall others say,
"The end—they've crossed the bar—away
Gone—the Pioneers?"

ORVILLE P. HOSSIE, 4A Coll.



A SHIP ON THE ST. CLAIR RIVER

*Down the river stately gliding,
Sails the tall, majestic ship;
All her colours bright and shining,
As she hankers for the trip.*

*Full of fever for adventure,
Fraught with cargo rich and light,
Surging forward, never ceasing,
Never lagging through the night,*

*Entering then the deep blue river
Wide and sunny, blue St. Clair
Then she feels a sudden rapture.
Oh!—the joy of being there!*

*She has reached her destination
She's seen pictures grand and rare;
Gently, softly then she murmurs,
"Nothing rivals the old St. Clair."*

MARION WESTFALL.

 SPRING'S CALL

*"Oh come out, little leaves, it is time you awoke—
So put on your jackets of green—
The sun has been calling, and asking for you,
But no place are you to be seen.*

*Will you come, little leaves, from your long night's sleep
And help us to cheer up the trees?
They have all been so lonely this long winter through,
Dark and bare in the sharp cutting breeze.*

*So come out, little leaves, we are waiting for you,—
Come out, little leaves, to be seen—
Please come out, little leaves, to the bushes and trees.
We'll be sure, then, that winter is done."*

*The little leaves hear; they are answering now
And all their green garments appear—
They have answered our call, and the smiling sun,
For this is the Spring of the Year.*

HELEN RAYMER, 4A.



THE ISLE OF DREAMS

*To-day is the last of our voyage,
Our cruise is almost done;
We sail into the harbor,
In the rays of the setting sun.*

*To the east of us lies the Island,
A gem of the purest light;
Too soon to be o'ershadowed,
By the coming of misty night.*

*The morning seems long in coming,
The night wanes slowly away;
And with the misty darkness,
Replaced by the light of day.*

*The sun comes up in a flaming blaze,
To paint the sky around;
Ever ready to shine in glory,
On the wonders that abound.*

*The island is as a garden spot,
Set in beauty before unseen;
Watching and guiding her always,
Is a magic, fairy queen.*

*On the morrow we depart in sorrow,
Our magic isle is gone;
We drift farther and farther away.
From the storied Isle of Song.*

*To you who have never been there,
Just a word of kind advice;
A tip from a total stranger,
Will you take it as being nice?*

*See all that you can when you get there,
Let not a moment go by;
Time, like a bird, takes wing,
And is lost in the darkening sky.*

FRANK W. DAVIDSON, Special Com.



WILD GEESE

*Have you heard it in the night,
Far above the city's light—
Honk, honk, honk?
'Tis the wild geese flying north.*

*Swiftly speeding, soaring high,
Mere black specks against the sky;
Honk, honk, honk,
Clearly comes their call to earth.*

*Like an arrow, straight they glide,
Needing beacon not, nor guide;
Honk, honk, honk,
Cry the travellers, faring forth.*

*Wait they not for sun nor song?
Cold the air, the way is long—
Honk, honk, honk—
To the land that gave them birth.*

*Mysterious harbingers of spring!
Weird and clear their strange notes ring,
Honk, honk, honk,
'Tis the wild geese flying north.*

GORDON RITCHIE, 4A.

— o —

 COMPENSATION

*Scowl of cloud above;
Shroud of gloom below;
Silence—save soft sobbing of
Drenched woods, mournful, low.
Monotonously dripping
Leaves—
Weeping as a child at play
Who has broken a toy
Grieves
In hopeless abandon; wretchedly.
And yet, in this abysmal misery
A bird is singing.*

A. E. L.



ASPIRATION

*In rigid row, poor city tree,
So stately, strong, but never free,
I pity you! Somehow I know,
Were I a tree, that I should grow
Beside a lake, 'mid rock and stone,
And left to grow in ways my own.*

A. E. L.

O

DREAMS

*Before the camp fire's crimson light
The Dreams of Youth appear more bright.
When glowing flames and sparks to you
Will whisper tales both old and new,
And when across the waters deep
The silver moonlight starts to creep,
And from the lurking shadows gray
Steal sounds of fairy folk at play.
Oh, tell me, did you not but hear
The call of Life, so sweet and clear,
When sitting there before the fire,
Wrapped in dreams and high desires.*

MARGARET C. SMITH, V.

O

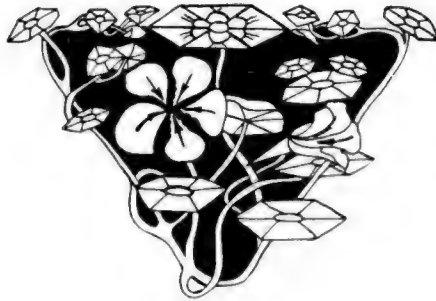
TO THE RAPIDS

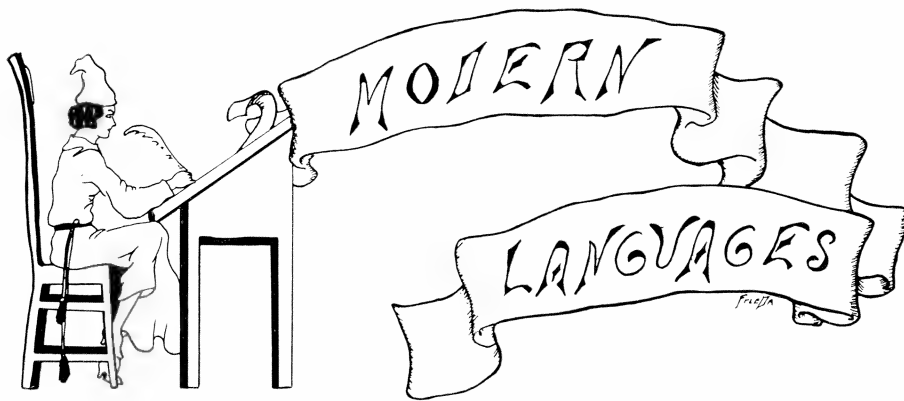
*Oh torrent of Water, rushing so madly,
Ceaselessly onward, on to the sea
Crashing and dashing, thou furious medley
Chafing thy banks, and spraying each tree,
And each mossy rock, that clings to thy shore
So closely, yet vainly when fighting 'gainst thee—
Who art leaping and bounding from stone to stone
Steadfastly downward with wild savage groan
And tumultuous roar; thou art not like the sea
Lapping gently its waves on the far-stretching shore.*



*Oh raging cataract, dashing along
Noisily onward, on to the sea,
Singing so shrill thy barbarian song,
Racing so swiftly yet vainly past me
As if proud of the power of thy huge jostling waves
Working thy magic, if magic there be.
'Tis true that thy might is exceedingly great
But what if thy strength of a sudden abate?
Of what could'st thou boast in wild deafening glee
Should'st thy power be captured by man and enslaved?*

ORVILLE P. HOSSIE, Coll. 4A.





JEANNE MANCE

Avez-vous entendu parler de l'histoire de Jeanne Mance? Elle n'est pas bien connue, mais elle est très intéressante. C' était une des premières héroïnes françaises qui demeuraient au Canada.

A l'âge de sept ans elle fit un voeu de ne jamais se marier avec personne. Pendant sa jeunesse ses parents l'élevaient très tendrement et l'instruisaient à être sage et pieuse. Elle lisait avec beaucoup d'intérêt les histoires écrites par les pères jésuites qui travaillaient parmi les indigènes de l'Amérique du Nord. Ces livres la firent désirer aller elle-même pour aider dans le grand ouvrage de convertir au Christianisme les pauvres sauvages. Peut-être aussi pensait-elle aimer la vie hasardeuse dans le nouveau monde. Quelques ans avant ce temps-ci Madame de la Peltrie, dame jeune et riche, était allée au Canada où elle fonda un couvent à Québec. Jeanne désirait beaucoup la suivre mais elle n'avait aucune fortune. Cependant elle pria constamment et enfin vint son opportunité.

Deux jeunes gens tâchaient d'établir un couvent et un hôpital sur l'île d'Orléans. Ils avaient fini tous leurs plans mais il leur manquait encore une jeune femme pour soigner l'hôpital. Seulement par bonheur rencontrèrent-ils Jeanne Mance. On décida bientôt que Mademoiselle Mance devait les

accompagner au Canada. Quelques semaines plus tard elle partit et arriva à Québec en octobre seize cent quarante et un; mais il était trop tard pour aller à Montréal cet an.

Le printemps suivant Madame de la Peltrie, Mademoiselle Mance et plusieurs autres allèrent à la belle île d'Orléans. On bâtit l'hôpital avec l'argent donné par Madame de Bullion. Ils n'avaient pas de malades pendant longtemps mais quand les Peaux-Rouges apprirent comme on les y soignait bien le nombre grossissait toujours. Souvent apportait-on des Hurons blessés à l'hôpital, quand les Iroquois les attaquaient. Les assauts étaient fréquents et quelquefois les Français étaient blessés. Il y avait aussi des épidémies parmi les Français et les Peaux-Rouges. Tout ceci donnait beaucoup de travail à Mademoiselle Mance. Quand elle n'était pas occupée dans l'hôpital elle enseignait les petits enfants rouges. Chaque an il leur fallait travailler plus dur. Toujours était Mademoiselle Mance excellente comme infirmière ou comme maîtresse d'hôpital, Courageuse et infatigable elle continuait son ouvrage pendant trente ans. En mil six cent soixante-treize elle mourut mais si l'on va aujourd'hui à Montréal, on peut y voir un monument en souvenir de cette héroïne magnifique.

—Mary Urquhart, V.



LE CERF SE MIRANT DANS L'EAU

Un cerf, buvant au bord d'un étang, son image dans l'eau, comme dans un miroir. Il s'admirait et dit "Oh! quelle paire de cornes que je possède! Avec quelle grâce elles s'élèvent au dessus de ma tête et comme elles rendent ma tête belle. Je voudrais que le reste de mon corps fut aussi beau; mais j'ai des pattes si longues, si maigres que j'ai vraiment honte qu'on les voie."

A ce moment, on entendit le bruit de quelques chasseurs et d'une meute. Le cerf effrayé s'enfuit, et bondissant agilement sur ses patres maigres, il laissa bientôt les hommes et les chiens derrière lui. Puis il s'élança dans un

bois pour se cacher mais à l'entrée du bois ses cornes furent prises dans des branches et il fut maintenu jusqu'à qu'il l'arrivée des chiens qui le tuèrent.

En mourant il dit, "Oh que je suis malheureux! Je vois maintenant que les cornes dont j'étais si fier, sont la cause de ma mort, tandis que mes longues jambes minces, que je croyais si laides, auraient seulement pu me sauver."

Souvent les choses que nous préférons, ne sont pas les meilleures pour nous tandis que certaines choses que nous n'aimons pas sont utiles et précieuses.

—Jean Macdonald, V.

MARDI GRAS

La comédie française annuelle fut cette année "Mardi Gras", présentée par quelques élèves de la classe 3A, sous la direction très capable de Mademoiselle Taylor. La pièce fut présentée à une assemblée de la Société Supérieure Littéraire le vendredi vingt-quatre avril 1931. La pièce fut très charmante et très gaie, et tous les rôles furent bien représentés. Le conte fut très facile à suivre et chacun de l'auditoire fut très enchanté par cette petite pièce. Les acteurs préparèrent bien leurs rôles, et ils doivent tous être félicités sur leur habileté. Le rôle que l'auditoire trouvèrent le

mieux apparemment fut celui de M. Roy Fleming comme Père Latrique.

Personnages

Père Latrique—M. Roy Fleming.
 Georges—M. Jack Depew.
 Suzanne—Mlle. Gladys Hannam.
 Georgette—Mlle. Jean Needham.
 Marguerite—Mlle. Frances McMahan.
 Louise—Mlle. Wilma Milliken.
 Henri—M. William Luscombe.
 Bernard—M. Myles Leckie.
 Mme. Bonheur—Mlle. Stella Brown.
 Marie (la bonne)—Mlle. Mamie Cruickshank.
 M. Richard—M. Jack Hare.

THE KING OF THULE

Es war ein König in Thule
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem sterbend seine Buhle
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,
Zählt' er seine Städt' im Reich',
Gönnt' alles seinem Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er saß beim Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Vätersaale,
Dort auf dem Schlosz am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensglut,
Und warf den heil'gen Becher
Hinunter in die Flut.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken
Und sinken tief ins Meer.
Die Augen täten ihm sinken;
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

—Goethe.

Once in Thule there lived a king,
Quite true until the grave,
To whom his sweetheart when dying
A golden goblet gave.

He kept it throughout all the years
And deeply drained it dry
At every feast and the mists of tears
Dimmed his aging eye.

And when his sands of life had run
Counted he city and throne
And gladly bestowed them upon his
son
But the goblet was ever his own.

The noble banquet was o'erspread
'Fore knights and royalty
With the high ancestral hall o'erhead
In that castle by the sea.

The aged reveller proudly stands
Quaffing his last life's blood
Then the holy chalice with reverent
 hands
He hurls into the flood.

He sees it fall and it deeply drinks
Of the sparkling, emerald main
Then his loyal eyes close and his noble
head sinks
As ¹ sleeps on to wake not again.

—Marjorie A. Paterson.

DIE REUE

Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht,
in der Nacht,
Und fühlte mich fürder gezogen!
Die Gassen verliesz ich, vom Wächter
bewacht,
Durchwandelte sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Das Tor mit dem gotischen Bogen.

REMORSE

How I started up in the night, in the
night,
Drawn on without rest or reprieve,
The streets, with their watchmen, were
lost to my sight
As I wandered so light
In the night, in the night,
Though the gate with the arch medi-
æval.



Der Mühlbach rauschte durch felsigen
Schacht;
Ich lehnte mich über die Brücke.
Tief unter mir nahm ich der Wogen in
acht;
Die wallten so sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Doch wallte nicht eine zurücke.

Es drehte sich oben, unzählig entfacht,
Melodischer Wandel der Sterne,
Mit ihnen der Mond in beruhigter
Pracht;
Sie funkelten sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht
Durch Täuschend entlegene Ferne.

Ich blickte hinauf in der Nacht, in der
Nacht,
Ich blickte hinunter aufs neue:
O wehe, wie hast du die Tage ver-
bracht!
Nun stille du sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht
Im pochenden Herzen die Reue!

—Platen.

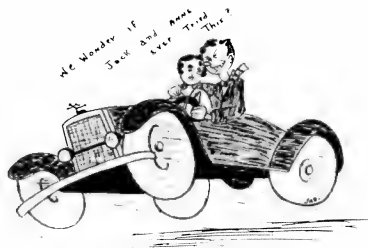
The mill-brook rushed through the
rocky height,
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearn-
ing
Deep under me watched I the waves
in their flight
As they glided so light
In the night, in the night,
Yet backward not one was returning.

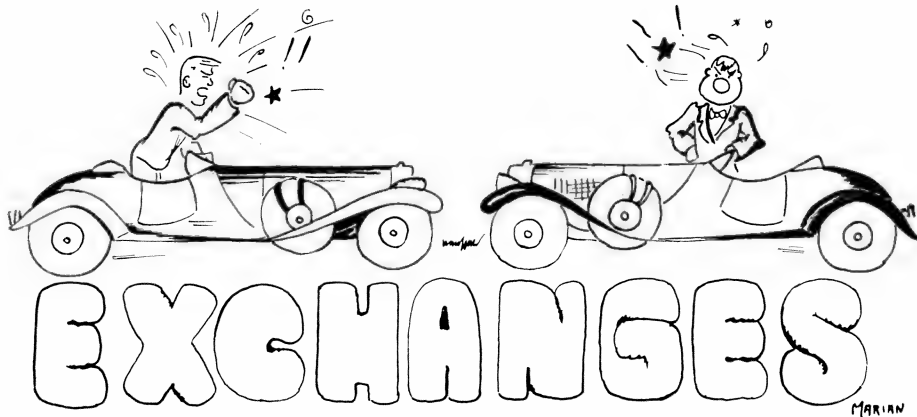
O'erhead were revolving, so countless
and bright
The stars in melodious existence;
And with them the moon more serene-
ly bedight,
They sparkled so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the magical measureless dis-
tance.

And upward I gazed, in the night, in
the night,
And again on the waves in their fleet-
ing
Oh woe! thou hast wasted thy days in
delight,
Now silent thou light
In the night, in the night,
The remorse in thy heart that is beat-
ing.

Lehrer—"Sie sind der grösste Idiot
auf der Erde."
Schüler—"Mein Herr, Sie vergessen
sich."

Marie—"Warum ist die Erde weib-
lich?"
Evelyn—"Weil keiner genau weisz,
wie alt sie ist."





ACADIA ATHENAEUM—Wolfville, N.S.

The humour is the best of our exchange. Your literature is splendid.

ACTA NEPEANI—Westboro, Ont.

The departments are small, but well written.

ACTA NOSTRA—Guelph, Ont.

A well balanced magazine. We have no adverse criticism.

ACTA STUDENTIUM—Toronto, Ontario.

Your exchange department is good. Why not add a gossip section?

ACTA VICTORIANA—Toronto, Ont.

Your magazine contains many splendid articles.

ALL ABOUT US—Niagara Falls, Ont.

The letters to the Editor add much to your book. The jokes are really funny. Your material is poorly arranged.

ALMAFILIAN—St. Thomas, Ont.

The sketches of the graduating class are well written. Your literature is weak.

ANALECTA—Calgary, Alberta.

Your cover is very smart. Why not have a language department?

ARGOSY—Ottawa, Ont.

A very attractive cover worthy of the splendid contents of your first publication. Come again.

ARGUS—Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

A very smart cover. All departments are well handled. We are sure if you had a language section it would be excellent. Why not try it?

BEACON—Hanover, Ont.

Your year book shows excellent school spirit. The literary section seems rather small.

BENNETT BEACON—Buffalo, N.Y.

We like your perfect magazine especially since the Collegiate is mentioned.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL—Lennoxville, Quebec.

As usual ranking high among our exchanges. An exceptionally neat and clean cut year-book.

BLUE AND WHITE—Walkerville, Ont.

One of our best exchanges—striking cover, excellent literature and good sketches. All you lack is a language department.

BREEZES—Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Our only suggestion is that you add a Modern languages department.



CARILLON—Ottawa, Ont.

Your material is worthy of better arrangement. The illustrations and headings are particularly splendid.

COLLEGIAN—St. Thomas, Ont.

A striking cover worthy of the excellent contents. Why not use more art headings? Your magazine is very nicely printed.

DUMBEL—Sherbrooke, Quebec.

We like the 1931 edition of Dumbel very much. The jokes are particularly good.

EASTERN ECHO—Toronto, Ont.

Every department is well handled. Your literature is excellent.

ECHOES—Peterborough, Ont.

From your magazine we judge that you possess real school spirit. Every department is excellent. Your snapshots are the best we have seen. But where is your modern languages section?

ELEVATOR—Belleville, Ont.

An unusual cover design. Your editorials are good.

FETTESIAN—

The Fettesian is worthy of illustrations. Snaps would also add interest.

HELLO—Brantford, Ont.

A very attractive publication. The cartoons are excellent. Your staff, we notice, includes a former S.C.I. principal and two of our old boys. Why mix advertising matter with reading matter throughout your book?

HERMES—Toronto, Ont.

An excellent magazine. We have no adverse criticism.

LAMPADONION—Hamilton, Ont.

Your first publication as a magazine receives only our highest praise.

LANTERN—Beck C.I., London, Ont.

Congratulations! You have succeeded in making your book "new and different". The cover is original and appropriate. Every department is of high quality, and your reports of school activities indicate a fine school spirit.

LANTERN—Saskatoon, Sask.

White paper would improve your book. Otherwise an excellent magazine.

L.C.C.I. REVIEW—London, Ont.

Excellent! Your success seems to be due to the fact that your work is divided among many students.

LUX GLEBUNA—Ottawa, Ont.

One of our best exchanges. Your sport write-ups are very good.

McGILL DAILY—Montreal, Quebec.

The editorials are excellent and your sport write-ups are concise but interesting. Every phase in college life is covered in the "Daily".

MONOCLE—Simcoe, Ont.

Do you not think that your cover is too elaborate? Good material and well arranged.

NORTHLAND ECHOES—North Bay, Ont.

We like the 1930 edition of the Northland Echoes. Your literary section is excellent.

O.A.C.—Guelph, Ont.

Every edition is well arranged and interesting.

ORACLE—Fort William, Ont.

A good school magazine but not very interesting to outsiders. Why not try to have a brighter cover?



ORACLE—Oakville, Ont.

Why not keep your humour together?

PARKDALIAN—Toronto, Ont.

An interesting exchange, especially the humour. A language department would improve your book.

PEPTIMIST—Mimico, Ont.

A magazine living up to its name, "The Peptimist". Your humorous poems are exceptionally good.

QUIDNUNC—Cornwall, Ont.

A very bright and attractive magazine. We have no adverse criticism.

SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW—Aurora, Ont.

Your December edition is very "Christmasy". The article entitled "The Problem of India", is splendid. The selections from former publications show that your magazine has always had a high standard.

SCARBORO BLUFF—Scarboro, Ont.

The cartoons are splendid but your magazine is poorly arranged.

SCREECH OWL—Bowmanville, Ont.

Your poetry is worthy of a separate section.

SHELBOURNE YEAR BOOK—Shelbourne, Ont.

An excellent book and your material is well-arranged. Why not add a French section?

SHIP—Marecombe, England.

"The School News" is excellent. Your magazine needs more humour.

SOUVENIR—Vancouver, B.C.

A striking cover. Your material is worthy of better arrangement.

SPECTATOR—Burford, Ont.

Your publication shows plenty of school spirit. Why not add an exchange department?

SPECULA GALTORIA—Galt, Ont.

A very complete year book. Your form news are very witty and interesting.

TATLER—Tillsonburg, Ont.

Your material is good but arrangement is poor. You might add an exchange column.

TATLER—Lindsay, Ont.

A very interesting magazine. The novel arrangement of your Form Notes is smart and distinctive.

TECALOGUE—London, Ont.

Your magazine has many smart, unique features. Always a welcome exchange.

TORCH—Napanee, Ont.

The literature department is very small. There are many good write-ups. Cartoons would add much to your publication.

TORCH—Ottawa, Ont.

Your magazine has a striking and appropriate cover. All of your departments are well covered. Why not include a Humour section?

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC QUARTERLY REVIEW—

A book which is of especial interest to one musically inclined. It contains much helpful information, and many amusing and interesting articles.

TORPEDO—Toronto, Ont.

Your magazine indicates plenty of school spirit. The articles in your magazine seem to be many and varied.

TWIG—Toronto, Ont.

Your literary section sets a very high standard which is maintained throughout the other departments. Possibly our best exchange.



VANTECH—Vancouver, B.C.

There is much originality in your book. The humour section would be stronger if you kept the jokes together.

VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK—

A smart cover enclosing clever and well-arranged material. Why not have a Table of Contents?

VOX STUDENTIUM—Port Arthur, Ont.

Your magazine shows school spirit. The jokes are many and funny. The material is good but poorly arranged. Why not keep your advertisements together?

VULCAN—Toronto, Ont.

A Technical magazine for a technical school. The headings are attractive and every section well-covered. Why not have an Exchange department?

WOLF HOWL—Sudbury, Ont.

Your magazine covers the various phases of school life. A snapshot page would add interest.

YE FLAME—Regina, Sask.

A bright little magazine. Your material is worthy of better arrangement.

YELLOW JACKET—Fairmont, West Virginia.

We are glad to receive such an interesting paper. As we have only seen one copy it would not be fair to criticize it.

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT US

ACTA STUDENTIUM—Toronto, Ont.

A remarkably good magazine, one of those which helps to make critics' work a pleasure.

ANALECTA—Calgary, Alberta.

An interesting book from cover to cover. Your exchange column is large and widespread. We have no adverse criticism for this publication.

BLUE AND WHITE—Walkerville, Ont.

The Collegiate is certainly living up to its name. It is the most "Collegiate" of our exchanges.

HERMES—Toronto, Ont.

A smart up-to-the-minute publication with all the modern improvements. It displays a school spirit to be proud of.

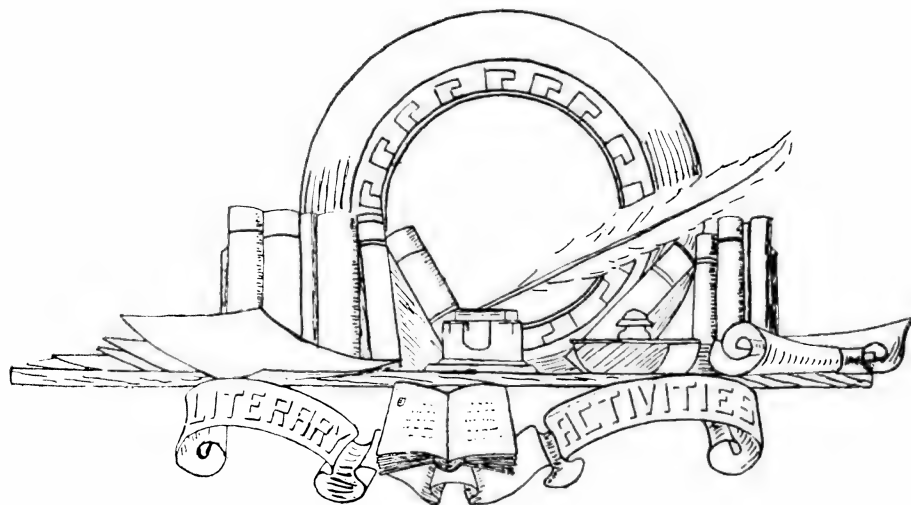
THE DUMBEL—Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Another of our most enjoyable exchanges. The whole magazine is well-balanced and interesting. The cartoons are splendid.

SMILES

There are many kinds of smiles
In this world of work-a-day,
There are sad ones; there are glad ones;
Some are rare as snow in May.
But the thing that makes us feel
That a life conceals no guile
Is a kind and friendly greeting
With a bright good-morning smile.

—MARION WESTFALL



SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

EXECUTIVE

Miss Walker, Honorary President — Harry Turnbull, President
Jim Geary, Vice-Pres. — Margaret Cobban, Secretary — Ken. Williamson, Treas.
Helen Raymer, Girl Reporter — Bill Carter, Boy Reporter
Willard Unsworth, Pianist

During the year, W. O. S. S. A. debates provided the programs for five of the Senior Literary Society meetings. The girls' debates against Walkerville Collegiate and against Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, London, were both won by the Sarnia debaters, Mary Urquhart and Margaret Smith, Leila Horney and Agnes Jolly. Three boys' debates were heard. David Stanley and Gordon Ritchie defeated the London Central debaters and Ken. Buxton and Fred Whitlock won the debate against Walkerville. However, in the debate with Assumption College, the Sarnia team, Miles Leckie and Everett Milner, was defeated.

At the last meeting of the Society a musical program on Beethoven was rendered. An outline of the great musician's life, given by Helen Patterson, was interspersed with compositions of Beethoven played by Gladys Hannam, Douglas Rhodes, Herbert Ridealgh and the school orchestra.

On Friday, April 24th, a number

of the students of 3A Collegiate, under the direction of Miss Taylor, presented a French play "Mardi Gras". A résumé of the plot was given by Donald Twaits and the play which followed was enjoyed by all. The bright costumes of the actors added a touch of colour, and all parts were well taken; Roy Fleming's characterization of the villain being particularly fascinating. The line rehearsals were in charge of David Stanley of 4A. Miss Johnston gave the critic's report and complimented those taking part on their facility in pronouncing their French lines correctly. The French play is always a popular feature of each year's Senior Literary programs, and Miss Taylor deserves great credit for directing these yearly productions.

At the final meeting of the society, the members were entertained by the presentation of an abbreviated version of "The Taming of the Shrew" by the students of 4A Collegiate. This was, perhaps, the most ambitious program



SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Standing—Bill Teskey, Jean MacDonald, Bill Carter, Helen Raymer, Ken Williamson, Margaret Cobban, Everett Milner.

Seated—Jean Timpson, Jim Geary, Mildred Lanning, Harry Turnbull (President), Helen Paterson.

of the season, and was certainly one of the best. The costumes, which were borrowed from the Drama League through the efforts of Miss Ferrier, added a great deal to the play. The piece was directed by Miss Walker, with the assistance of Helen Raymer. The latter also acted as narrator. The most outstanding role was that of Petruchio, taken (very tempestuously) by David Stanley. The cast was as follows:

Baptista—Gordon Ritchie.
Petruchio—David Stanley.

Lucentio—Tom Doohan.
Gremio— }
Tailor— } Bill Doohan.
Hortensio—John Hall.
Tranio— }
Curtis— } Orville Hossie.
Biondello— }
Haberdasher— } Fred Hall.
Grumio—Dick Gates.
Katherine—Mary Urquhart.
Bianca—Margaret Hayes.
A Widow—Margaret Rice.

At an executive meeting of the Senior Literary Society the Magazine Staff for "The Collegiate" was appointed.



JUNIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Carrol MacDonald, Sally Lewis, Jack Driscoll, Eileen Haines, Dalton Leckie.
 Middle Row—Ruth Spears, Isabel Lang, Tom Hamilton, Marie Saunders, Miss Dalziel, Kenneth DeGurse, Elaine Leckie, Gertrude Hallam.
 Front Row—Ken Hall, Bessie MacDonald, Dorothy Duffield, Fred Rainsberry (Pres.), Flora Edgington, Jean Neely, Herbert Ridealgh.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

EXECUTIVE

Miss J. M. Dalziel, Honorary President — Fred Rainsberry, President
 Flora Edgington, Vice-Pres. — Dorothy Duffield, Secretary — Eileen Marsh, Treas.
 Bessie MacDonald, Girl Reporter — Kenneth Hall, Boy Reporter
 Herbert Ridealgh, Pianist

The Junior Literary Society showed much enthusiasm and originality in their programmes throughout the year. At a preliminary meeting in October an interesting play entitled "Six Who Pass While The Lentils Boil", was presented by members of 2A Collegiate under the direction of Miss Ferrier.

At the first regular meeting, the new president, Fred Rainsberry, gave an inaugural speech on behalf of the executive, and a "Beethoven" pro-

gramme was rendered under the direction of Miss Weir. In November, astronomical slides were shown and explained by the principal, Mr. F. C. Asbury. At the December meeting, pupils from T2A, T2B, and Coll. 1A and 1D with Miss LaPiere and Miss Walsh as directors, presented the play "Scrooge's Christmas" adapted from Dicken's "Christmas Carol". The realistic personation of Marley's ghost received special mention from the critic, Mr. Payne.



DEBATERS

Back Row—Wm. Doohan, Gordon Ritchie, Mr. Payne, Fred Hall.

Second Row—Isabelle English, Jean Turnbull, Leila Horney, Ken Buxton, Miss Johnston, David Stanley, Margaret Smith.

Front Row—Elsie Ritchie, Fred Whitlock, Agnes Jolly, Myles Leckie, Mary Urquhart, Everett Milner.

At the first meeting of the new year, the pupils of T1B, under Miss Howden's direction presented a historical play "Durham Changes his Mind" and a number of French folk-songs were sung by pupils of Coll. 2A. At the February meeting an elimination contest for the Junior Girls' Public Speaking competition was held. Several fine speeches were heard, and Grace McWatters was eventually chosen to represent the school in the W.O.S.S.A. contest.

The feature of the March meeting was an Irish program which included a girls' chorus, the dancing of an Irish jig, the recital of a number of Irish poems, and an account of the life of

St. Patrick. The meeting closed enthusiastically with community singing, led by Mr. Asbury. The critic's report was given by Mr. Dent.

Under the auspices of the Junior Literary Society an exhibition of copies of almost a hundred famous paintings was held on February 27th and 28th. This display deserved to be better patronized than was the case. At the Literary Society "Living Pictures" in imitation of some of these famous paintings, were presented by a number of pupils of the junior forms directed by Miss Brandon.

The Junior Literary Society wishes to thank all the teachers and students who helped to make the work of the year so successful and interesting.



W. O. S. S. A. DEBATING

This year our Collegiate has been well represented in the W.O.S.S.A. debates. The system of judging has again been changed, and now there is only one judge for each debate, instead of three judges as formerly.

In the Girl's series the first debate was against Walkerville C.I. on the subject, "Resolved that the world to-day is a better place to live in than it was one hundred and fifty years ago". Elsie Ritchie and Isabelle English upheld the affirmative in Walkerville and Mary Urquhart and Margaret Smith debated at home. In both places the negative won by a small majority.

In the next debate our girls had to meet the Sir Adam Beck Collegiate in the debate "Resolved that intellectual culture has done more to further civil liberty than has force of arms", Jean Turnbull and Grace Baird upheld the affirmative in London, and Leila Horney and Agnes Jolly spoke on the negative side at home. In both places the negative side won. However, Sarnia was eliminated from further competition. The girls are grateful to Miss Walker, Miss Johnston, and Miss Harris for their assistance.

The boys' debating under the direction of Mr. Payne and Mr. Fielding, met with considerable success this year

and they may still have an opportunity of entering the finals.

In the first debate against London Central Collegiate, "Resolved that the countries of Europe should pay back all their war debts to the United States", Wm. Doohan and Miles Leckie upheld the affirmative in London, and David Stanley and Gordon Ritchie supported the negative side of the debate at home. In both instances the Sarnia teams were successful.

The next debate "Resolved that the introduction of Chain Stores financed by outside capital is of benefit to a community" was with Assumption College. Fred Hall and Ken Buxton upheld the affirmative side in Sandwich, and Miles Leckie and Everett Milner were the debaters at home. Both Sarnia teams were defeated, but our Collegiate was still entitled to enter the semi-finals against Walkerville Collegiate. The subject "Resolved that improved highways will play a larger part in the future development of Canada than the steam railroad", was upheld in Walkerville by David Stanley and Gordon Ritchie, while Ken Buxton and Fred Whitlock maintained the negative at home. Again Sarnia won in both places.

At the time of writing, the W.O.S. S.A. series is not yet completed.

W. O. S. S. A. SPELLING COMPETITION

After an elimination contest in the Collegiate in spelling, a team consisting of Annie Krywichi, Lowry McKegney and Woodrow Woolley went to London on Saturday, March 21st, to represent our school in the W.O. S.S.A. Spelling Competition. Twenty-seven contestants entered and a very keen contest ensued. At the end of the seventh list, the Sarnia team was

tied for first place but at the end of the eighth and final list Sarnia ranked third.

The individual spelling championship was won by Woodrow Woolley of Sarnia, after an especially keen contest, a ninth test being necessary to win a decision. As champion, Woodrow Woolley received the W.O.S.S.A. gold medal. The Collegiate congratulates him on his success.



PUBLIC SPEAKERS

Standing—Fred Rainsberry, Grace McWatters.

Seated—Hugh Anderson, Anne Albinson.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTESTS

An innovation has this year been introduced into the Senior Boys' Public Speaking Contest. In addition to the prepared speech, a three minute impromptu talk is now required. This will probably be extended to the Senior Girls' Contest next year.

Several elimination contests were necessary before representatives for the school could be chosen. The competition in the Junior Girls' division was especially keen. The school representatives chosen in the Senior Division were Anne Albinson speaking on "The Deepening of the St. Lawrence" and Hugh Anderson, who chose as his subject "Moscow under Bolshevistic Rule". These pupils spoke in the District Competition at Strathroy and were chosen as winners. They were then qualified to take part in the final W.O.S.S.A. Competition. The Senior

Girls' Contest was this year held in our own school on Friday evening, March 6th. Six speakers took part in the contest. Although failing to win, Anne Albinson ably upheld the honour of the school. The Senior Boys' Contest was held in Brantford but Hugh Anderson did not win the decision.

In the Junior Division, Grace McWatters and Fred Rainsberry were chosen to represent the Sarnia Collegiate. At the district competition held in St. Thomas, although Grace McWatters did not succeed in winning first place, she gave an interesting speech on "Madame Hébert". Fred Rainsberry speaking on "Pioneer Life in the Locality in which I live", won the district contest. The final Junior Boys' Contest was held at Tillsonburg on March 6th, but Sarnia also lost in this contest.



COMMENCEMENT

On the evening of Dec. 19th, a large assembly of students, alumni and citizens gathered in the auditorium of the Sarnia Collegiate on the occasion of the annual school commencement.

Owing to the illness of Mr. J. B. Williams, Chairman of the Board of Education, the introductory remarks were made by Mr. L. H. Richards, a member of the Board. The Principal's Statement was given by Mr. Asbury in which he remarked that the school had the highest enrollment in its history, over a thousand pupils being in attendance.

The Collegiate this year had reason to be proud of its scholarship record. The three Carter Scholarships offered for Lambton County were won by pupils of our Collegiate. D. Keith Andrews winning the first, Douglas B. Ritchie the second and Keith B. Clysdale the third. Keith Andrews also won the James Harris Classics Proficiency Scholarship and the Second Edward Blake Scholarship in Classics Proficiency, awarded by the University of Toronto. Douglas B. Ritchie was awarded the Robert Bruce Scholarship by the University of Toronto. Elsie E. Ritchie won the D. M. Grant Scholarship and Reginald C. Ewener the A. N. Hayes Scholarship.

Certificates of Distinction and Honour Emblems, donated by the Teaching Staff were then presented to the pupils who had been first in their forms during the past year. Special prizes for proficiency in the First Year Courses were awarded to Edith Daws, 1A Coll., Florence Hill, 1A Com., Elaine Leckie, 1B Tech., Everett Marsh, 1D Tech.

Keith Andrews, who has brought

much distinction to the Sarnia Collegiate, delivered the Valedictory. In his address he gave an interesting description of some of his earlier and more recent school experiences, interspersed with a good deal of humour.

Graduation Diplomas were presented to the graduates of the Collegiate. Douglas Ritchie, on behalf of the magazine staff, presented the medals for the 1930 "Collegiate" to Orville Hosie for the best poem, Patsy Collins for the best short story, Gordon Ritchie for the best essay and Myrtle Johnston for the best cover design.

The presentation of the W.O.S.S.A. Medals to the Senior Rugby Team was made by Ross W. Gray, M.P., who congratulated the boys on so soon regaining the trophy. Field Day Prizes, Military and First Aid Medals and Life Saving and Swimming Awards were also presented. The boys' All-Round Champion Cup was presented to Gordon Moore and the girls' All-Round Champion Cup to Marjorie Paterson.

Variety in the programme was provided by a dance "The Eightsome Reel", by a number of girls under the direction of Miss Ramsden. A group of boys under the leadership of Mr. A. R. Mendizabal gave an excellent demonstration of High Horse and Mat Work.

During the evening excellent music was rendered by the School Orchestra under the direction of Mr. W. E. Brush, which was greatly appreciated by the audience.

Commencement was then brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem and the pupils went home to enjoy the eagerly anticipated Christmas Holidays.



MUSIC



MUSIC TO-DAY

By Dr. R. K. Stratford

It can be safely said that almost everybody would enjoy good music provided that he had the opportunity of becoming familiar with it. On this continent people can be divided into three classes with respect to their appreciation of music: (1) Those who do not like good music (they don't understand it) and do not hesitate to say so. This group of persons is a detriment to the improvement of living conditions in our country. (2) Those who feel they would like music, provided that they were more familiar with a better type of music. (3) The last class are those who have learnt what a great comfort and inspiration music can be to them. This class, unfortunately, is usually rather shy about expressing itself and has no chance against the first group which bellows its dislike of music from the housetop. In contrast to this, people in Europe, even though they do not know much about good music, endeavour to hide this deficiency, as ignorance in connection with any of the arts is not considered an accomplishment.

Of all the many kinds of music, one of the most interesting to those who are familiar with it, is operatic music, because it combines music with drama and poetry. Who, after knowing the following few operas could help but be impressed and thrilled?

PELLEAS and MELISANDE

A philosophic poem of Maeterlinck's put to music by Debussy. The story is worth knowing for its philosophy and poetry, and the music while having no catchy melodies, expresses every emotion exquisitely.

LOHENGRIN

Those who like old stories of knights in flashing armour and their beautiful princesses cannot help but be thrilled with this opera, particularly after knowing it is based on an old German legend. The music for this opera which was composed by Wagner contains many well known airs and one has only to hear this opera a few times to realize that there are many other beautiful airs not so well known.

MADAME BUTTERFLY

Probably there never was a more moving and tragic story than that of this poor little Japanese girl. Her love for Pinkerton was so simple and beautiful and her end so sad that audiences for years and years all over the world have been moved to tears. Even men who know the opera are not ashamed of weeping. Puccini, who composed the music for Madame Butterfly, obtained his material from the stories that Pierre Loti brought back to France from a long sojourn in Japan.



LA BOHEME

Another of Puccini's operas is the story of student life in Paris and the whole theme of both the story and music is one of cheerfulness and bravery in the face of starvation. What finer thing can one imagine than Musette's unselfishness when Mimi, in delirium on her death-bed, asks for a muff which she saw in a shop window. Musette, without hesitating, goes out, pawns her rings and brings the muff back to Mimi.

WERTHER

The story written by Goethe over a hundred years ago stirred all Europe. It is a tragedy without a villain. The music by Massenet fills out the story and one leaves the theatre after the opera with a feeling of admiration and pity for a situation similar to those

which occur daily all over the world.

There are a great many other operas each of which portrays a certain phase of life in all its beauty and tragedy, but is never sordid like many of our modern books and plays. People who have found the key and have learned to love and appreciate operatic music find a relief and inspiration from the monotony of life which cannot be compared with anything else in the world.

Like all good things, operatic music should be heard over and over again. Appreciation grows with familiarity.

Thanks to modern mechanical inventions, people to-day do not have to work so hard as their forefathers and it is to be hoped that cultural advancement in the next few years will play the important part that it should in modern civilization. Music at that time will come into its own.

ORCHESTRA

It is only fitting that we should devote a section to our School Orchestra, the institution that, in its daily programme goes a long way in beginning the school day right. As in past years, the orchestra has developed, under the able leadership of Mr. Brush, into an organization of which the school should be proud. This fact was not fully appreciated until the members of the orchestra, feeling that they were not being supported, declared a strike for several days, under the capable leadership of Ross Tuck. Since that time the student body has not failed to give its support to this worthy organization.

An Orchestra Concert of exceptional quality was given last year on the evening of April 15th. From the standpoint of the program the entertainment was a decided success, although due to the inclement weather only a small audience was present. All the numbers were well received. The program was as follows:

March—"Staunch and True"

C. Teike

Overture—"The Bridal Rose"

C. Lavallee

Waltz—"Southern Roses" Strauss

Clarinet Solo—Air Varie "Annie

Laurie" arr. by W. E. Strong

Bruce Proutt

"Ballet Egyptien" Luigini

Popular—"Should I" Brown

"Happy Days Are Here Again" Ager

"Surprise Symphony" Haydn

Four movements:

1.—Introduction and Vivace.

2.—Andante.

3.—Menuetto—Allegro Molto.

4.—Allegro di Molto.

Not content with the success of their concert, the orchestra entered the First Annual Music Festival of Lambton County. Competing as the only contestant in the Open Class for Orchestras, the school organization received the exceptionally gratifying mark of 83, thus obtaining the shield donated by the Kiwanis Club of Sar-



ORCHESTRA

Back Row—John Kane, Harry Turnbull, Jack Garrett, Ralph Taylor, Jack Newton, Jim Garrett, Bob Shannon, Frank Bonner, Theo. Mathers.
 Middle Row—Mr. Dobbins, Leroy Smith, Bruce Proutt, Art Smith, Ken Buxton, Bill Clark, Bloss Glenn, Ken Williamson, W. E. Brush (Conductor).
 Front Row—Harold Cares, Norman McMillen, Gordon Smith, Margaret Bond, Mary Urquhart, Herbert Ridealgh, Allan Hamilton, Mason Vokes, Everett Milner.

nia for this class. For their rendition of the difficult Andante Movement of Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" the orchestra and its director, Mr. Brush, received warm praise from the adjudicator. His criticism will aid greatly in their future endeavours. The All School Junior Orchestra, composed of pupils in the Public Schools of the city was also successful in its class. The test piece was "On the Volga" by Ivan Akimenko and the adjudicator in his remarks commented upon the promising group of musicians and their remarkable musical ability. The fine showing made by this youthful organization entitled it to hold the Shield donated by the St. Clair Chapter, I.O.D.E.

This year the School Orchestra will again be entered in the Lambton County Music Festival. The Test Piece selected is Beethoven's overture "Coriolan." Mr. Brush is already at work rounding the orchestra into shape for the coming competition and by all reports it should give a good

account of itself. The Junior Orchestra also entered, playing "The Golden Nightingale" by Bolger.

In accordance with its increasing success the School Orchestra is branching out into wider fields. Plans have been laid for the participation of this organization in the Stratford Music Festival to be held in that city during the week preceding May 13. This is a new departure in School Activities and it is to be hoped that all success will attend the Orchestra in its bid for greater honours. The Overture "Western World" by Edward Chenette has been chosen as the test piece in this class.

Lately the orchestra has been favouring the school with one special selection one morning a week during assembly. This innovation has found favour with all the students judging from the applause. Perhaps the fact of a longer assembly enters into this somewhat but the quality of the music rendered is sufficient cause for decided approval. Plans for an Orchestra



Concert are being formed and the tentative date set is April 24th.

It is to be hoped that in all future endeavours the Orchestra and its leader may equal if not excel their past efforts, and the good wishes of the Student Body as a whole are with them in anything they may undertake to do.

PERSONNEL

First Violin—Leroy Smith, John Houston, John Kane, Allan Hamilton, Margaret Bond, Mary Urquhart, Mason Vokes, Everett Milner.

Second Violin—Gordon Smith,

Norman McMillen, Ken Williamson, Harold Cares.

First Clarinet—Bruce Proutt.

Second Clarinet—Ken Buxton, Art Smith.

C Clarinet—Harry Turnbull.

First Trumpet—Ralph Taylor.

Second Trumpet—Jack Newton, Jack Garrett.

Saxophone—Bill Clark, Bloss Glenn, Frank Bonner.

Horn—Theo Mathers.

Trombone — Bob Shannon, Jim Garrett.

Bass—Mr. R. Dobbins.

Piano—Herbert Ridealgh.

BAND

An ever increasing factor in our school life is our S. C. I. Band under the direction of Mr. W. E. Brush. Formed in the year 1927, it has grown and developed rapidly until to-day it stands as one of the established institutions in our school. Beginning with only a few members its personnel now numbers in the neighbourhood of thirty musicians. A decided interest in the Band and its work has been evident this year in the numbers turning out for band practice.

Contrary to the custom of former years, this organization did not present a concert with the Orchestra last year. Its absence was noted by several, who expressed their wish to hear the Band this year, and accordingly, Mr. Brush and the members are at work on a program to be presented along with the Orchestra Concert towards the latter part of April. The high standard of music offered in the past will no doubt be equalled, if not surpassed, in this year's performance.

A new venture in the realm of the Band's activities is the proposed trip of this organization to Stratford to compete in the Stratford Music Festival, taking place during the third week in May. The selection to be played is "On the Volga" by Ivan Akimenko, and there is no doubt that the Band will offer serious competition in their

class.

As in former years, the Band will assist in the Annual Cadet Inspection. Always a big factor in the marching and general spirit of the corps, the proposed new uniforms for the Band will add greatly to its appearance and that of the corps.

In closing, we wish the Band all success in its outside activities and the best of luck in its coming endeavours.

PERSONNEL

Solo Cornet—Ralph Taylor, Herbert Ridealgh.

First Cornet—Jack Newton, Jack Garrett.

Second Cornet—Fred Hewitt, Ernest Murray, Wilmer Pilkey.

Solo Clarinet—Bruce Proutt, Leroy Smith.

First Clarinet—Ken Buxton, Art Smith.

Second Clarinet—Harold Mac-Adams, Harold Cares, John Hall.

Saxophone—Bill Clark, Frank Bonner, Allan Hamilton, Bloss Glenn.

Horn—Theo. Mathers, Everett Milner.

Trombone—Bob Shannon, Jim Garrett, Sinclair Manser.

Baritone—John Kane.

Bass—Mr. R. Dobbins, Douglas Rhodes.

Drums—James Driscoll.



BAND

Third Row—Allan Hamilton, John Kane, Jack Newton, Everett Milner, Doug. Rhodes, Theo. Mathers, Jim Garrett, Bob Shannon.

Second Row—Bloss Glenn, Mr. Dobbins, Ernest Murray, Harold Cares, Mason Vokes, John Hall, Ken Buxton, Art Smith, Harry Turnbull, Fred Hewitt, Ralph Taylor.

Seated—Frank Bonner, Bill Clark, I. Buxton, Leroy Smith, Mr. Brush, Bruce Proutt, Herbert Ridealgh, Jack Garrett, Jack Driscoll, H. MacAdams.

DR. STRATFORD'S VISITS

The musically-inclined students of the school are very fortunate indeed, to have the pleasure of the fortnightly visits of Dr. R. K. Stratford, who brings to the school a number of very fine recordings of operatic music, which he plays on our orthophonic victrola.

The pleasure of listening to the records of the best operas, is quite equalled by that of hearing Dr.



Stratford's explanation of the stories of the operas. Every fine point in the music is interpreted for us by this very welcome visitor.

The original idea in presenting the

operatic records, was that of giving the students of French and German an opportunity of hearing the operas sung in these languages, and thus gaining a better knowledge of their correct pronunciation. The main object of these visits is now that of fostering a taste for fine music.

Dr. Stratford is familiar to a large number of the students in other ways; a number of our graduates have the privilege of working under him, in the research department of the Imperial Oil Refineries, while many of the senior students know him as the president of the Sarnia Drama League and director of its recent and very successful presentation of Shaw's "Saint Joan."

We are sure our readers will enjoy Dr. Stratford's article on "Music Today" which appears on a preceding page.



SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

AT HOME

The most outstanding social event of the school year is, of course, the annual "At Home". On this occasion the students welcome the Alumni back to the school, thus constituting what is perhaps the only link (aside from the issues of the "Collegiate") which the graduates have with the school.

This year the "At Home" was held in the girls' gymnasium, on the evening of Friday, January 2nd, 1931, with several hundred students and ex-students in attendance. The patrons and patronesses were: Principal and Mrs. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gray, and Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Gray.

A decorative scheme carried out in orange, deep blue, pale green, mauve

and yellow constituted a particularly effective background for futuristic floral plaques in the same colours. The orchestra of the William Pitt Hotel, of Chatham, furnished a delightful program of dance music from nine until one o'clock. The evening was enlivened somewhat by the arrival of the fire department, called out by a resident near the school who, seeing in the windows the reflection of the lamps upon the brilliant decorations concluded that the school was on fire.

The committee, under the chairmanship of George Clark, is to be congratulated for their efficient management of a dance which will rank with the most successful social events ever held in the school.

TEA DANCES

Two tea dances, sponsored by the Girls' Athletic Association, were held in the boys' gym, following the games here with St. Thomas C.I. and Kennedy C.I. of Windsor. Dancing lasted from five to seven; the members of the visiting teams were guests of the school on both occasions. Mrs. As-

bury and Mrs. Mendizabal poured tea on the first occasion and Miss Martin and Miss Dalziel for the second. The music, furnished by Wemple's orchestra was very delightful. Miss Ramsden deserves great credit for beginning these dances which have proven very popular with the students.



FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

The annual Freshettes' reception was held on October 10th. During the day the freshies amused the older members of the student body by carrying dolls, wearing one black and one white stocking and reversing their middies. In the evening the freshies were put through the initiation proper. The new teachers were required to enact a ridiculous farce, "The Fatal

Quest", which proved highly entertaining. The new students then did a series of comic exercises, following which their noses were tarred and feathered.

After being refreshed with sandwiches, cake and frostbites, the freshies were regaled with ghost stories and sent home to lie awake all night in terror.

FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

The Freshmen's reception, held on October 2nd, was particularly successful this year. After being blindfolded, the freshmen were made to crawl down the steps from the east corridor to the boys' gym, which they entered assisted by the impetus of a slap-stick wielded by a muscular senior. The sophomores and seniors were then entertained by the spectacle of a blindfold steeple-chase and newspaper bat-

tle. The tender complexions of the newcomers were treated with applications of shoe-blackening and flour.

After an interval of rest, during which all partook of large quantities of cookies and eskimo pies, the freshmen were put through a final ordeal at the edge of the swimming pool. They then were ordered to wear green ties and not to use the main entrance until Christmas.

RUGBY BANQUET

The annual Rugby Banquet was held at the Morrison Hotel, January 31st. Mr. J. B. Williams acted as chairman for the evening. The Board of Education once again acted as hosts to the members of the Junior and Senior Teams. After a most enjoyable banquet the evening was concluded with speeches.

Presentations were made to "Had" Karn, coach of the Senior team, "Mike" Fitzgibbon, coach of the Junior squad, and to Robert Thorpe, trainer. "Had" Karn and "Mike" Fitzgibbon spoke during the evening and indicated their pleasure in being associated with the teams. Mr. L. H. Rich-

ards and Mr. A. Coles spoke briefly on behalf of the Board. Mr. Asbury also addressed the teams. Ross W. Gray congratulated the teams and coaches and spoke at some length on the changes that were about to be made in Canadian Football. Douglas Isbister briefly thanked the Board and coaches for their support during the past season. William Reid was elected captain for 1931.

During the evening the past season was reviewed in some of the speeches. The Ontario Championship is the aim for the coming season and the S.C.I. sincerely hopes that the 1930 coaches will be back again.

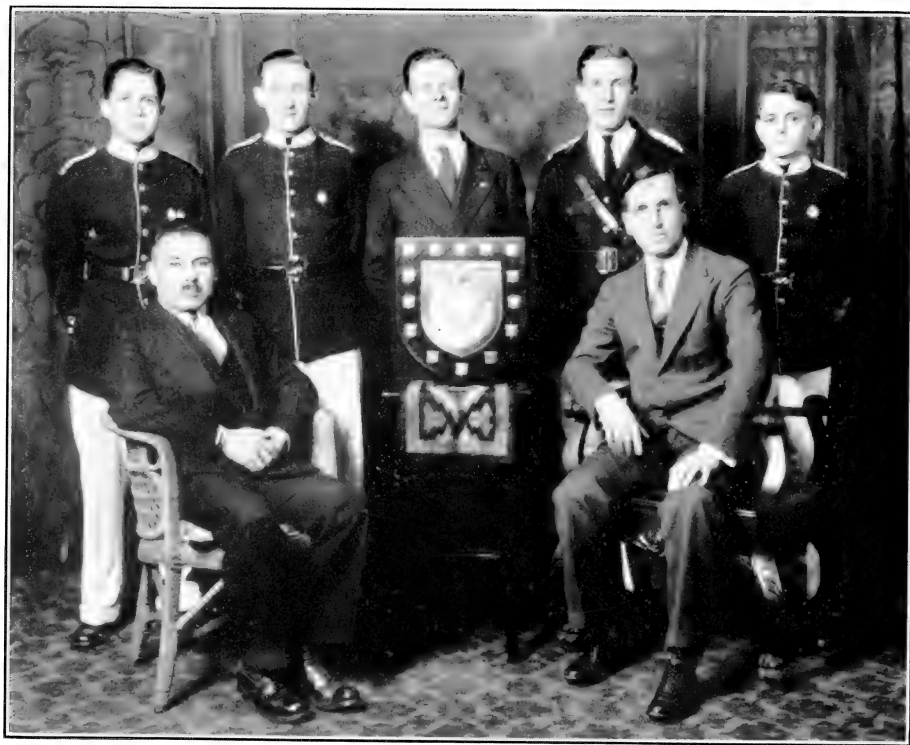


CADET DANCE

On the evening of May 16th, following the annual cadet inspection, the members of the corps entertained their friends at an informal dance held in the boys' gymnasium. Among those present were Brigadier-General C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., V.D., and Major Jeffrey, the inspecting officers; also Colonel Stokes and officers of the Lambton Regiment.

Dancing lasted from eight until twelve, and excellent music was pro-

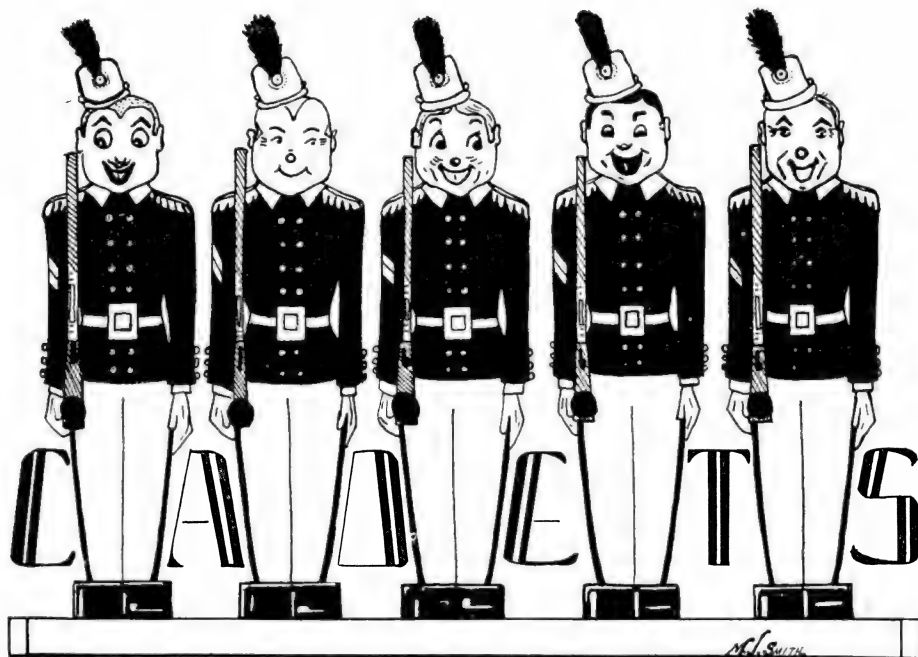
vided by George Harris and his Commodores. The bright frocks of the ladies and the colourful dress uniforms of the officers of the regiment and the cadet corps, combined with the music to furnish a brilliant climax to the activities of the day. The Grand March was headed by General Armstrong and Mrs. Asbury; later, refreshments were served in the cafeteria. The dance broke up at twelve o'clock.



WINNERS OF M. D. No. 1 FIRST AID TROPHY

Standing—Wm. Teskey, Harold Backman, Mr. Crockett (Instructor), Clayton Kilbreath (Captain), Bill Doohan.

Seated—Mr. Mendizabal, Mr. Asbury.



With the rattle of drums and clicking of cameras, began the annual inspection of the Cadet Corps on the afternoon of May 16th, 1930. The inspecting officers were Brigadier-General Armstrong, C.B.C., M.G., V. D., District Officer Commanding Military District No. 1; and Major Jeffrey.

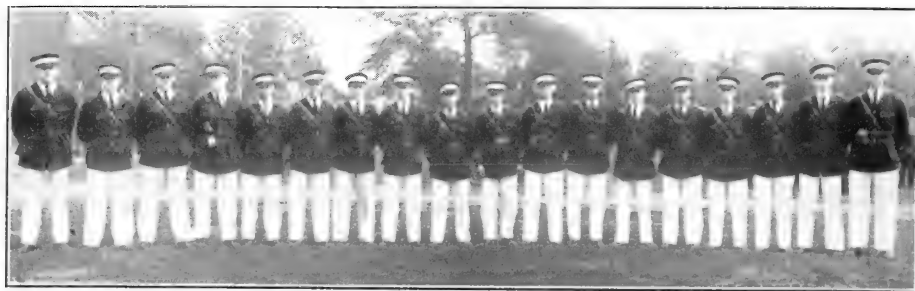
This inspection marks an upward step in the history of the Cadet Corps and it is hoped that the great improvement observed will be surpassed in 1931. The 1930 Corps tied with Galt for second place in general proficiency in Military District No. 1. We were awarded the new Strathcona Trophy for proficiency in physical training, and were also mentioned as having made the most progress since the previous year. Our First Aid Corps, which has always given a good account of itself, was successful in winning the M. D. No. 1 First aid Shield. This group also took sixth place in the Dominion last year, and this year succeeded in retaining first place in M. D. No. 1.

The cadets mustered at the school and fell in on the campus in mass formation. At 1.30 the parade moved

off in column of route, marching west on Wellington Street, past the saluting base at Victoria Park, where General Armstrong took the salute. Also present at the saluting base were Major Jeffrey, District No. 1 Cadet Officer, Lieut.-Colonel S. G. Stokes, M.C., Major J. S. Milne, Major E. L. Fielding, Capt. C. E. Woodrow, Capt. W. P. Doohan, Officers of the Lambton Regiment, and Mr. F. C. Asbury.

Headed by the band in their blue and white uniforms, the column paraded through the principal streets, returning to the campus, where battalion, company, and platoon drill was carried out. Particularly noticeable in this part of the inspection was the intimate knowledge of the various formations and movements, displayed by the cadets, showing the time, interest and attention spent on attaining excellence in drill. Even the younger boys showed great steadiness in the ranks.

The battalion under the direction of the Sergeant-Majors was then put through an extensive program of physical drill, followed by a smart display by the gymnasium team on the mats, horse and parallel bars.



CADET OFFICERS

Maj. Ken Bell, Capt. V. Norwood, Capt. G. Clark, Lieut. S. Ferguson, Capt. G. Moore, Lieuts. C. Kilbreath, G. Fraser, W. Reid, J. Geary, D. Ritchie, J. Harris, C. Cook, J. Smith, W. Turnbull, W. Claxton, B. Proutt, A. Hayne, D. Isbister.

At the conclusion of the inspection, the Corps formed a hollow square at the saluting base on the north side of the campus, where the General addressed the cadets. General Armstrong expressed his great appreciation of our smart appearance, excellence in drill, and steadiness on parade, particularly emphasizing the latter, inasmuch as the good appearance of a corps on parade depends very largely on their steadiness. He also complimented Capt. A. R. Mendizabal, D. C.M., on the high state of efficiency of the Corps.

Directly following the inspection, the Cadets were served with refreshments in the cafeteria of the school; the Inspecting Officers, Officers of the Lambton Regiment, and of the Cadet Corps, and members of the Board of Education were entertained at an excellent dinner cooked and served by the girls of the Domestic Science class. In the evening members of the Corps entertained their friends at a dance in the gymnasium. The colourful dress uniforms of the officers and the evening gowns of the lady guests combined to bring the day's activities to a brilliant conclusion.

Officers of the 1930 S. C. I. & T. S. Cadet Corps:

O. C.—Cadet Major Kenneth Bell.
2/I. C.—Cadet Capt. Vincent Norwood.
Adjutant—Cadet Capt. D. Ferguson.

Quartermaster—Cadet Lieut. W. Reid.

A Company

O. C.—Cadet Capt. G. Clark.
2/I. C.—Cadet Lieut. C. Cook.
Cadet Lieut. W. Turnbull.
Cadet Lieut. A. Hayne.
Cadet Lieut. W. Claxton.
Cadet Lieut. J. Smith.

B Company

O. C.—Cadet Capt. G. Moore.
2/I. C.—Cadet Lieut. D. Ritchie.
Cadet Lieut. D. Isbister.
Cadet Lieut. J. Geary.
Cadet Lieut. J. Harris.
Cadet Lieut. G. Fraser.

First Aid

Cadet Lieut. C. Kilbreath.

Band

Cadet Lieut. B. Proutt.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

B. S. M.—D. McLeod.

A Company

C.S.M. G. Murray
Sergt. J. Stewart
Sergt. R. Blay
Sergt. M. Heller
Sergt. W. Unsworth

B Company

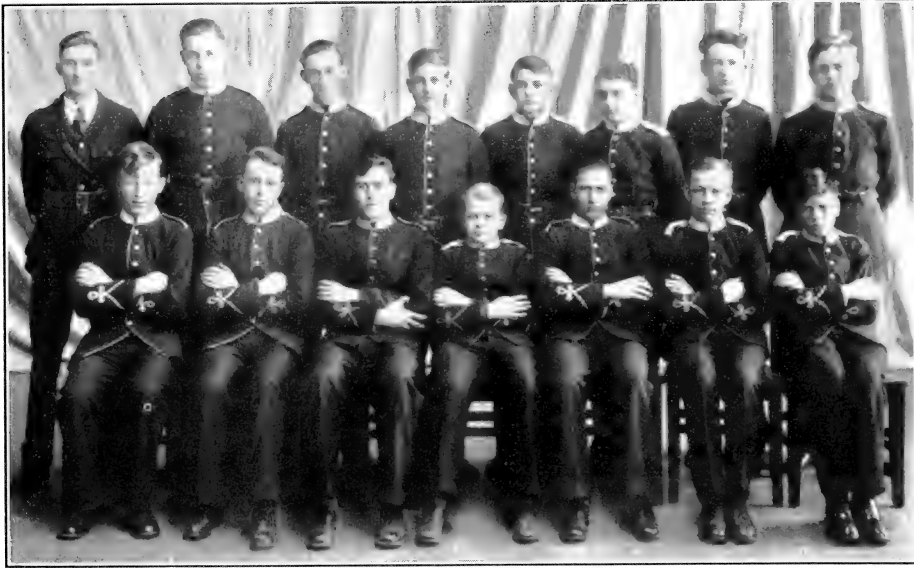
C.S.M. W. Hargrove
Sergt. T. F. Doohan
Sergt. R. O'field
Sergt. J. Lewis
Sergt. R. Ramsay

First Aid

Sergt. H. Backman

Band

Sergt. L. Smith



FIRST AID TEAMS

Top Row—Harold Backman, Blake Smith, Harold Elliott, Dick Gates, Wm. Doohan, E. Milner, Jack Kearns, G. Smith.
Bottom Row—L. Gill, Jim Greason, Bill Hutchinson, Cecil Chestner, V. Lane, Jack Skelton, J. Lennox.

FIRST AID

This year the First Aid is divided into two groups, a Junior and a Senior group. In the district competition, two Junior and Senior teams of four boys each were entered. The annual competitive examination was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Lawson of London, on Thursday, January 22nd. A marked improvement in the quality of the work was noticed. The boys wish to take this opportunity to thank their instructor, Mr. Louis Crockett, of the C.N.R. first aid.

Both teams did very well in the competition; No. 1 team winning first place in the district, and No. 2 team coming third. This is the fourth time that the school has won the district championship. No. 1 Junior team won fourth place and No. 2 won sixth. This entitles each member of the first Senior

team to a Wallace Nesbitt-Rankin silver Medallion. Last year the first team won first place in military district No. 1; the second team won second place. The shield which was won last year and again this year is the new Cadet First Aid Shield, donated for the first time, for annual competition in Military district No. 1, by the Saint John's Ambulance Association. In the Dominion competition last year the team won sixth place.

Seniors—First Team—H. Backman (Capt.), W. Doohan, J. Kearns, R. Gates.

Second Team—B. Smith (Capt.), G. Smith, E. Milner, H. Elliott.

Juniors—First Team—C. Chesher, (Capt.), J. Greason, V. Lane, J. Lennox.

Second Team—L. Gill (Capt.), C. Leaver Jr., J. Skelton, W. Hutchinson.



RIFLE TEAMS

Back Row—Don McGillivray, Harold Elliott, Jack Kearns, Dick Farner, Fred Hall, Jack McKellar, Jack Allen, Jack Randall, Bill Allen, W. Weston, Keith MacMillan.
 Middle Row—Bill Hutchinson, Theo. Mathers, Dick Gates, Roy Tennyson, Myles Leckie, Jim Greason, Dean Dailey, Howard Walker, David Martin, Alfred Addie, H. Tennant, Don Smith, Jack Hare.
 Front Row—Oscar Giles, V. Boyington, Paul James, Tom Doohan, Mr. Mendizabal, Roy Blay, Ken Williamson, Alf Baker, Howard Prettie.

RIFLE SHOOTING

Great credit is due Major Fielding for handling the marksmanship competitions in the past year. Owing to other work, however, Mr. Fielding has been forced to resign as instructor and Captain A. R. Mendizabal has taken it over as Cadet Instructor. Cadet Lieutenant R. Blay is in charge of the shooting gallery assisted by Cadet Lieutenant T. F. Doohan as Adjutant.

The following have received their Dominion Marksmen Pins:

Bronze—A. Hamilton, T. F. Doohan, R. Gates, H. Elliott, P. James, M. Mathers, H. Walker, J. Greason, Dean Daly, D. Martin, F. Hall, J. McKellar, W. Allan, Geo. Wade, J. Kearns.

Silver—P. James, T. F. Doohan, M. Mathers, R. Gates, D. Daly, D. McGillivray.

Gold—R. Blay, J. Wright, J. Hare, P. James, T. F. Doohan.

In the 1930 D.C.R.A. Competition Orrison Fleet led both the teams with an average of 94.7. Andrew Hayne came second with an average of 93.7. The second team was led by Ross Hart with an average of 86.3.

The personnel of the first team is as follows:

O. Fleet 94.7, A. Hayne 93.7, R. Blay 92.3, J. Wright 91.7, J. Hare 91.7, W. Claxton 91, Theo. Mathers 89.7, P. James 89.3, W. Croxford 89, B. Proutt 89, F. Hall 87.3.

Fred Hall led the shooters in the Laura Secord competition for Dec. 1, 1930, with a 49 out of a possible 50. J. Hare 48, D. McGillivray 43, R. Gates 42, T. Doherty 40.

Last year Vincent Norwood was successful in winning a gold ring given by the D.C.R.A. and this is the second ring won by a student of this school.



WINNING PLATOON

1930 Cadet Inspection—Lieut Hayne, Sergt. Blay.

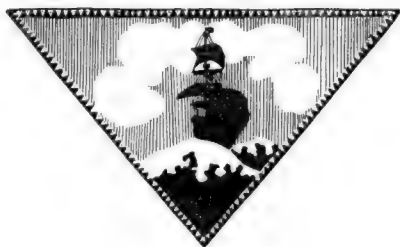
SIGNAL CORPS

A large number of the boys took part in the Signalling activities this year, comprising instruction in Semaphore Code, Transmission, and Station Procedure, under the supervision of Lieut. A. Lawson and Sergeant J. Kearns. A team will enter the Semaphore competition for the Moyer Cup. It is to be hoped that they will acquire possession of the cup and continue to hold it in the future.

The Signallers also acquitted themselves well in the annual inspection of the Lambton Regiment, under Sergt.

A. Lawson, gaining high praise from Brig.-General Armstrong and Capt. Hunt, and in the District Classification Tests they received a total of 96 credits, ranking in M.D. No. 1, well up among the leading units of the District.

Near the end of April, at the Armouries, a course of instruction will commence, giving those of the Cadet Corps desirous of doing so, an opportunity to qualify for the Special Visual Telegraphy certificate. A large enrollment is assured, and we sincerely wish them success in their undertaking.





There is no question of the value of sports in the school for training the body simultaneously with the mind.

Healthy competition is to be encouraged for it creates an alert brain as well as an agile body. All the various sports have their peculiar requirements and are highly beneficial to those who take part in them. It is necessary to secure good health in youth to insure happy, healthy years in the future. The development of the body should under no condition be neglected, for what good is a mind without a body?

Here in the Sarnia Collegiate and Technical School there are many opportunities for girls to participate in different sports, and these have been entered with great enthusiasm. Basketball, volley-ball, dancing, exercises and swimming all afford an excellent chance for the intelligent girl to make herself physically fit.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Officers

Dorothy Rintoul, President — Anna Lott, Vice-President
Helen Finch, Secretary — Marjorie Paterson, Treasurer

Curators

Millicent Hall, Volley-ball — Hazel Brown, Basketball — Mary Steel, Baseball
Dorothy Williams, Free-Throw — Margaret McGibbon, Swimming
Millicent McGregor, Track and Field

The Girls' Athletic Association was organized early in September to begin its activities and draw up the sport schedules for the year as early as possible.

The Association under the supervision of Miss Ramsden, arranged and carried out its varied program through the year with great success. To obtain the necessary funds for the numerous activities, refreshment booths were op-

erated on Field Day and at some of the rugby and basketball games. After two of the rugby games tea dances were held which proved very popular. The basketball games this year attracted large crowds and interesting dances and exercises were put on at half-time. The year as a whole has been the most successful since the Association was formed as an individual organization.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Standing—Hazel Brown, Millicent Hall, Miss Ramsden, Dorothy Rintoul, Anna Lott, Helen Finch.
Seated—Mary Steele, Marjorie Paterson, Millicent MacGregor, Margaret McGibbon, Dorothy Williams.

SENIOR W. O. S. S. A. BASKETBALL

The Senior Basketball Team opened the season in October when about 25 players responded to the summons of the coach. There were practically all of the regulars back except Pat Palmer, and everyone went to work with a will. The practicing was hard and long and Miss Ramsden spent a great deal of her time and effort to turn out a first-class team this year. When the regular team was under way there were several girls who continued to come down to practice and we want to thank them for their kindness. The combinations were perfected and a system of five-man defence that Miss Ramsden cleverly worked out proved invaluable in all our games during the season. The Senior team won through to group

championship with six straight wins, to district championship with two more, and up to 2nd place in the W.O.S.S.A. finals. The whole season was highly successful with eleven wins including two exhibition games with London Central. The rule of clean playing and good sportsmanship was always uppermost, for after all, only a true sportsman can take a loss with the same spirit as a win. So the Senior team went through the season displaying a brand of clean, speedy basketball.

The personnel of the team includes: Marjorie Paterson (Captain), Millicent Hall (Manager), Helen Finch, Jean Crabb, Millicent MacGregor, Doris Rainsberry, Dorothy Rintoul, Betty Wright, Hazel Brown, Ettie Rainsberry.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Betty Wright, Jean Crabb, Hazel Brown, Miss Ramsden (Coach), Millicent Hall, Etta Rainsberry, Dorothy Rintoul.

Front Row—Helen Finch, Millicent MacGregor, Marjorie Paterson (Capt.) Doris Rainsberry.

Old Girls' 17—Collegiate 9

During the Christmas holidays, the annual Old Girls' game was played, in which the latter carried off a win. The Collegiate had not yet gained their later consistent playing but nevertheless held the score to 4-4 at half-time. In the last half the school team was rather excited and the Old Girls', with some smart playing, won by a majority of 8 points.

Sarnia 55—Petrolia 10

The Senior W.O.S.S.A. Basketball season opened with the first game being played at Petrolia. The game from the first was all one-sided, but the Petrolia team put up a good fight and played their best right to the end. In this game the Sarnia guards did not have an opportunity to show their speed and skill as most of the playing was in Sarnia territory, but the forwards teamed up and ran in the large score.

Sarnia Vs. Imperials 64-17

Owing to the fact that Petrolia defaulted the scheduled W.O.S.S.A. game to Sarnia on Friday, Feb. 6th, an exhibition game with the Imperials was substituted.

The school was without Captain Marj. Paterson, but really played well.

Dorothy Williams led the Imperial scorers with 9 while Jean Crabb 22, Helen Finch 14, and Milly Hall with 28 did the school's scoring.

Sarnia 33—Watford 16

The Sarnia girls won this game with little effort, although Watford played a good game and made some smart passes. The Sarnia team was too experienced and fast for their opponents and showed a neat style of basketball.

Watford 10—Sarnia 64

Sarnia made a clean sweep of this game with a margin of 54 points. In this game Watford offered more opposition than the score indicates, but they were no match for the Sarnia



team. The Sarnia guards played a fast snappy game and few mistakes were made around the basket by the Sarnia forwards.

Chatham 8—Sarnia 66

The visiting team was unable to cope with the speedy combination and guarding of the locals, but put up a plucky fight. The Sarnia players had the game all their own way and showed a smart brand of basketball.

Sarnia 43—Chatham 19

This was a better and more closely contested game, with good guarding and fast passing on both sides. The Sarnia team, however, displayed its superiority with the guards in perfect form and the forwards shooting accurate baskets. With these games won Sarnia held the group championship.

St. Thomas 9—Sarnia 26

The home game for the district championship was fast, with neither side letting up. Both teams displayed neat combination, fast shooting and guarding, but the Sarnia players always kept the game in their hands. By half-time the score was 14-7 and in the last half the Sarnia forwards playing fast combination netted 12 more points. The final score gave the Sarnia team a 17 point lead to take back to St. Thomas.

Sarnia 21—St. Thomas 15

This game was much closer than

the one of the week before and well-contested. The St. Thomas girls playing a stronger game held Sarnia to a 9-8 score at half-time. In the last half however, Sarnia played a more connected game and with a few well-placed shots ended the game with the score 21-15.

Sarnia 28—London 20

Two exhibition games were held in London Central this season, the first being played in London Saturday afternoon following the district finals.

The London team was very strong and fast and gave Sarnia a hard game. Up to half-time, London was leading with the score 19-14, but in the last periods, Sarnia rallied with a fine show of combination and speed and won with the score eight points in their favor.

London Central 20—Sarnia 23

Possibly the roughest game of the season was witnessed in the school gym on Saturday, March 6th.

Betty Wright and Jean Crabb, both playing stellar games were disqualified due purely to accident.

The guard line was perfect in the first half, but in the last half Sarnia's forwards also struck their stride. Marj. Paterson at centre did splendid shooting along with Helen Finch's fine combination work.

Millicent Hall being unable to play, Ettie Rainsberry played a fine game at forward position.

Marj. Paterson scored 9, Helen Finch 8, and Jean Crabb 6.



SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

The four teams lined up for the Tournament this year were London Tech., St. Mary's, Kennedy Collegiate of Windsor, and Sarnia.

These teams were all strong and had won their districts by hard, fast playing and were ready to compete for the Senior W.O.S.S.A. Championship.

Kennedy Collegiate was grouped with St. Mary's and London Tech. with Sarnia, to play on the evening of March 13th in the Sarnia Collegiate Gymnasium.

London Tech. 20—Sarnia 22

The opening game of the Tournament was the fastest one that Sarnia spectators had ever seen. Both teams were in the best of condition and displayed brilliant basketball. The London players were very fast and all the skill and combination of the Sarnia team was necessary to cope with them. From the beginning the game was fast and hard with neither side weakening. The ball ranged up and down the floor very quickly and only the excellent work of the guards saved the day. At half-time the score was 9-7 in favor of London. In the last half, however, the Sarnia forwards struck their stride and the swift passing from guards to forwards, to basket, brought the large crowd to its feet. The five-man defence used throughout the whole season was entirely effective in blocking many passes. At the start of the final period the score was 14-13 still in favor of London Tech., but the Collegiate team rallied to the last player and not only outplayed but outscored London.

Kennedy Collegiate and St. Mary's played an exciting game which ended with the score: Kennedy 38—St. Mary's 20.

The finals for the Tournament opened Saturday night with a preliminary game between St. Mary's and London Tech. which proved fast and hard. St. Mary's finally won with the score: St. Mary's 35—London 23.

Kennedy 39—Sarnia 21

This game was the fastest and most strenuous of the Tournament.

The pace that was set at the opening whistle was terrific and continued throughout the time of play. The Windsor team were very fast and Sarnia was pressed to the limit. It was a fight to the finish with the first quarter ending 8-5 in favour of Windsor. The fast passes and snappy plays of both sides were a feature of the game and at half-time the score was 8-11. In the first half it had been anybody's game and the action had been fast, bringing the crowd to its feet, cheering wildly, many times. In the third period Windsor forged ahead and the score was 29-16. The Sarnia team couldn't seem to hold back their opponents although they fought hard and the game ended with Kennedy 18 points to the good. The Sarnia guards played smart basketball and the Sarnia forwards passed and turned in a neat, speedy game. This initial game in the W.O.S.S.A. finals will not be forgotten soon for it was one of the best, if not the best, exhibition of swift, brilliant basketball that Sarnia fans have ever seen.

The final standing of the four teams is:

- 1st—Windsor Kennedy.
- 2nd—Sarnia Collegiate.
- 3rd—St. Mary's.
- 4th—London Tech.



INTERFORM BASKETBALL

As in previous years inter-form competition was held for basketball honours. This year three groups were organized, the Junior comprising the first forms; the Intermediate, the second forms, and the Senior in which all the upper forms took part.

The schedule under Miss Ramsden's supervision was successfully carried out. The Junior pennant was won by 1B Collegiate after defeating the winner of the Intermediates, 2C Collegiate, in a very close game. Special Commercial won the Senior pennant

by a slight margin over Collegiate 4B. An interesting feature of the competition was the play-off for the School Championship between 1B and Special Commercial. This was the most exciting game of the series and was won by Collegiate 1B with the score 8—7.

The winning teams:

Special Commercial—Captain C. Genner, J. Dunlop, M. Pearson, I. Brown, H. Patterson, G. Tully.

1B Collegiate—Captain G. Allen, C. Mara, R. Hartley, P. Broadbent, C. McLellan, H. Neely.

FREE-THROW TOURNAMENT

This year in the Tournament there were three entries from every form and the contest was very interesting.

In the Senior division the highest scores were obtained by: Millicent Hall 32; Helen Finch 24; Violet Ross 21.

In the Junior division the highest scorers were: Ruth Forbes 24; Elsie Sadleir 24; Dorothy Simpson 18.

In the shot that was given to break the tie, Elsie Sadleir scored the basket and won first place.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

At the closing Assembly of School last year, several awards were made for competitions held during the season.

Miss Scarrow presented medals for the swimming championship to Patricia Palmer and the diving championship to Marjorie Paterson. A new trophy, a silver cup was awarded for proficiency in sports and represented the all-around girl's athletic championship. This was won by Marjorie

Paterson for participating in all the activities held for girls in the school. Every year a similar cup is to be awarded to the athletic champion.

Miss Scott made the other presentations to the Senior Basketball Team for winning a place in the W.O.S.S.A. finals, all players received their second S's and shields. This year the new members will get their S's and all the team will again receive shields for winning second place in the W.O.S.S.A. Tournament.



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Stewart Austin, Ken Williamson, Jack Burgess, Donald Aiken,
Sally Lewis, Marjorie Paterson, Etta Rainsberry.

FIELD DAY

The Field Day this year was the most successful one ever held at the Sarnia Collegiate and Technical School. There was an extremely large number of entries and all the participants entered into the competitions with eagerness and the best of sportsmanship. The schedule was drawn up by Miss Ramsden and with the assistance of several people was run off in an efficient manner. The meet opened at nine-thirty in the morning and lasted throughout the day until five o'clock. There were a great variety of events, including the dashes, running high-jump, standing broad-jump, baseball and basketball

throw, baseball teams of two, and the interform relay.

All the athletes showed excellent form and condition and each event was closely contested. The individual honours were carried off by:

Marjorie Paterson—Senior Champion.
Ettie Rainsberry—Intermediate Champion.

Sally Lewis—Junior Champion.

The runners-up were Doris Rainsberry, Dorothy Williams and Marian Crosby.

The Form Championships were won by Commercial 2A and Special Commercial, while Collegiate 3B and 4B tied for third place.



VOLLEY BALL.

The girls' volley-ball season opened this year about March 1st.

The teams which qualified to enter the Senior finals were Collegiate 4B, 3B and 3C. Playing a picked team from the latter two forms, 4B was successful in winning the Senior Championship.

In the Junior series, Collegiate 2C

and 1D remained in the finals, from which 1D emerged as Junior Champions.

In the school finals, on April 21st, 1D was successful in defeating 4B for the championship of the school. Made ambitious by their success, the 1D team challenged the boys of the same form, but in the ensuing game the boys were victorious.

SWIMMING

There are only a few girls who take advantage of the wonderful swimming-pool we have here, but these few are very enthusiastic and are rapidly becoming excellent swimmers. Diving, plunging and different strokes are all stressed and after Easter life-saving practice is due to start. There are several girls trying for their instructor's certificate and a large number are trying for their bronze medalion.

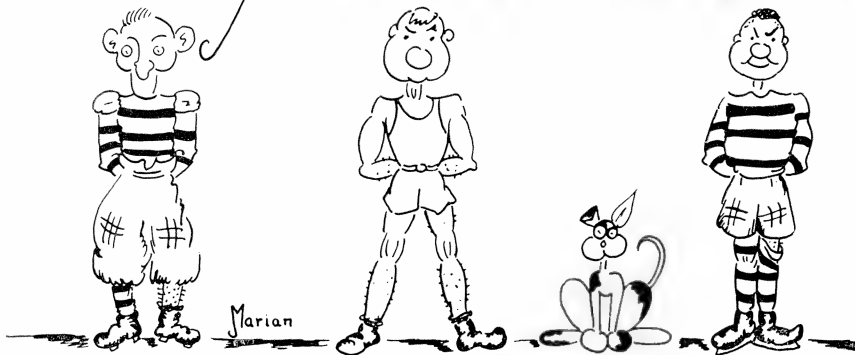
Last year awards of merit were won by D. Rintoul, M. Paterson, A. Marsh and M. McGregor. After the final meet Patricia Palmer won the swimming championship, Marjorie Paterson the diving championship, and Anna Marsh won the award for the most progress.

Before school is over this term, it is hoped that there will be a swimming meet held for the girls of the school.





BOYS' SPORTS



The Prodigal has returned.

After an absence of one year, its first since its organization, the Senior W.O.S.S.A. Rugby Championship has returned to its old resting place, the S.C.I. & T.S. The fatted calf has been killed and there is great rejoicing. St. Thomas, Sarnia's old rival, after turning the tables in '29 was defeated this year, but the light Sarnia team fell before the onslaught of the giant Hamilton Delta Collegians in the O.R.F.U. finals.

Hockey, as in former years, with the exception of 1927-28, was in the background. There is no reason why a school of such athletic prowess as the S.C.I. & T.S. should not make a name for itself in hockey as well as in rugby. We should all keep this in mind and next year with a little hard work produce a hockey team that will go out and give the best of them a battle.

Track work, like hockey, seems to be relegated to the back seat, which from the standpoint of material and coaching is rather unnecessary. The main fault is the lack of co-operative interest on the part of those athletes who are capable of taking up this type of sport.

Rugby, this year as in the past, was the most successful sport of the school. The training season began soon after the school opened last September and a large number answered Captain Isbister's call for the first practice.

BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Officers

A. R. Mendizabal, Chairman
 George R. Clark, President — William D. Turnbull, Vice-President
 Harry B. Turnbull, Secretary — Harold K. Backman, Treasurer

Representatives

Basketball—Bill Reid, Swimming—Tom Doherty, Gymnastics—Bill Turnbull
 Shooting—Roy Blay, Boxing and Wrestling—Jack Lewis, Cadets—George Clark,
 Rugby—Doug Isbister — Track and Field—Harold Backman



The Boys' Athletic Executive deserves a great deal of credit for the way in which the boys' sports have been handled in the school this year. This is the first time in the history of the S.C.I. & T.S. that each sport individually has been able to go through a season on its own gate receipts.

This was made possible by the splendid co-operation of all the members of the executive. For example, the gymnasium team, boxers and wrestlers put on exhibitions at the basketball games as an added attraction. Thus basketball paid its own way. The Athletic Executive is to be complimented on their good work.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Standing—Walter Claxton, Tom Doherty, Bill Reid, Roy Blay, Bill Turnbull.
Seated—Harold Backman, Douglas Isbister, Mr. Mendizabal, Jack Lewis, Harry Turnbull.

SENIOR RUGBY

Old Boys' 19—S.C.I. & T.S. 1

Sept. 13th

In the opening game of the season, although badly beaten, our Seniors proved to the fans that they had plenty of fight which would carry them a great distance in their bid to bring

back the W.O.S.S.A. championship to Sarnia. The Seniors kicked off and from then on the Old Boys began to show the class that made them repeated champions in other years. The S.C.I. scored the first point when Patterson was rouged by Claxton. The



first half ended with the score 15-1 for the Old Boys. In the second half the Dominion Champions of 1928 in full strength were able to score only 4 points against the school. The playing conditions were poor since it rained throughout the entire game.

S.C.I. & T.S. 43—Chatham 1
Oct. 4th

The Chatham entry in Senior W.O. S.S.A. rugby proved to be no match for the S.C.I. & T.S. Seniors in their first scheduled game. Both teams made many fumbles in the first half and the half ended with the score 23-1 in Sarnia's favour. To Chatham goes the honour of scoring the first point against our team. In the second half the Sarnia team tightened up and made things look bad for the green and white. Proutt, Austin, Claxton and Reid stood out for the blue and white. The feature of this game was a sensational run by Austin who took a Chatham kick behind his own touch-line and ran for a touchdown. Lacey starred for Chatham. There were no penalties handed out during the entire game.

S.C.I. & T.S. 40—Chatham 0
Oct. 15th

In the return game Chatham was again decisively defeated 40-0, the S. C. I. taking the round 83-1. After a few seconds of play Proutt hoisted the ball between the posts for a field goal. From then on it was chiefly a matter of touchdowns. Claxton scored four, W. Turnbull, Proutt and Lawson cashed in with one each. Proutt converted one of the touches and later booted to the deadline. Not once during the game did Chatham threaten the Sarnia goal.

S.C.I. & T.S. 8—St. Thomas 3
Oct. 18th

In 1929 the St. Thomas team took the W.O.S.S.A. championship away from Sarnia for the first time since its

organization and the 1930 Sarnia team was determined to wipe out this defeat.

The whole game was a kicking battle between Proutt and Brown. St. Thomas opened the scoring but Sarnia quickly came back with two rouges and a field goal by Proutt. In the second quarter the only score was a kick to the deadline by Brown for St. Thomas.

The half ended 5-3 for Sarnia. In the last half the light Sarnia line worked wonders and gave Proutt plenty of time to get his kicks away. Sarnia kicked twice to the deadline and to end the scoring, Nixon was rouged by Doherty after a long kick by Proutt.

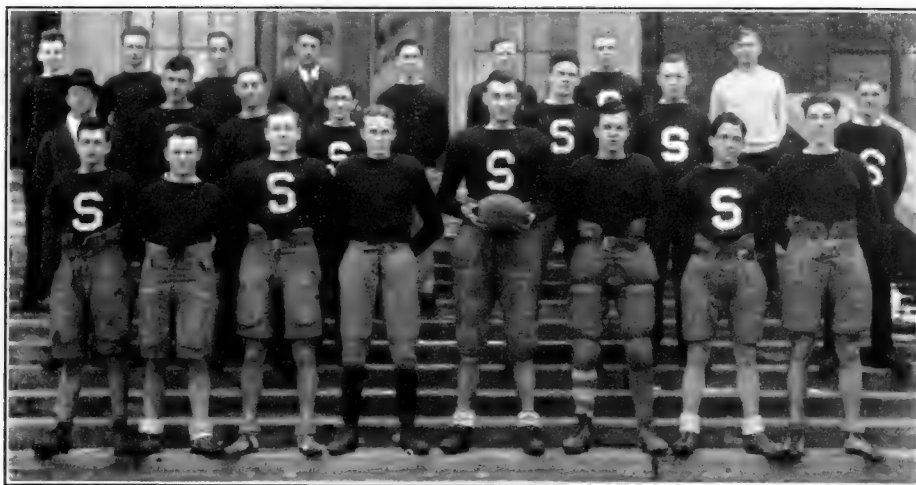
S.C.I. & T.S. 28—Wallaceburg 1
Oct. 23rd

The first game with Wallaceburg was played very poorly by the Seniors and many fumbles were made by both teams. The visiting team was late in arriving and the final period of the game was played in a fog and semi-darkness.

Soon after the kick-off Sarnia fumbled, putting Wallaceburg in a position to score the first point. Then the Seniors settled down and played a little more smoothly but they were not in their usual form. Several of the regulars were out of the game with injuries. Wallaceburg had some good individual material and catching the locals on an off day made a contest of it. The visitors had very little team work but plenty of fight.

St. Thomas 8—S.C.I. & T.S. 4
Oct. 25th

When St. Thomas played their return game with Sarnia our Collegians were not up to their usual form. The ends played poorly and the line was weakened by injuries. On Oct. 18th Sarnia defeated St. Thomas 8-3 on their home field in a hard fought battle and on the following Saturday were defeated by an 8-4 score, giving the S.C. I. & T.S. the round by one point. After the locals had beaten the visitors by the one point margin the St. Thom-



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Third Row—Jack Garrett, Bill Reid, Bruce Proutt, Claude Cook (Mgr.), Art Lawson, Earl Law, Roy Blay, Jim Copeland.

Second Row—Mr. Karn (Coach), Tom Doherty, Neal Jolly, Harry Haines, Jim MacDonald, Bruce Millman, Bob Thorpe (Trainer).

First Row—Harry Turnbull, Stewart Austin, Gordon Fraser, Walter Claxton, Douglas Isbister (Capt.), Bill Turnbull, Bill Teskey, Reg. Ewener.

as officials tried to force Sarnia to play another game to break what they called a group tie. Several weeks before, when the weakness of the other two teams in the grouping had been ascertained, it was arranged that the team scoring the highest number of points in these two games should go into the semi-finals. This arrangement was eventually adhered to, after consultation with the W.O.S.S.A. authorities.

During the whole game St. Thomas made many long gains running back kicks and on extension plays. It was Proutt's fifty yard punt in the last minute of play that paved the way for another group championship. Claxton, W. Turnbull, Lawson and Reid were Sarnia's chief ground gainers. Proutt easily outkicked Brown.

S.C.I. & T.S. 31—Wallaceburg 5 Nov. 2nd

In this game the forward pass was very much in evidence, but most of the

attempts were futile. The Burg made a major score on a pass in the second quarter when Rowland passed to Fish who got away on a forty yard run for a touchdown. The W.C.I.'s line held well and on two or three occasions stopped the blue and white within a few yards of their touchline. Proutt, Austin, Fraser and Reid all turned in good games for Sarnia.

S.C.I. & T. S. 13—Windsor 12 Nov. 5th

The first game of the W.O.S.S.A. finals was played in Windsor on a cold drizzly day and the game was very slow until after the end of the first quarter. Windsor used the forward pass with a great deal of success throughout the entire game; but Sarnia had a slight margin in kicking which was the main factor in the close victory. With three minutes to play the score was 12-8 in favour of Kennedy C. I. Austin, playing onside recovered one of Proutt's lofty kicks and



carried it over for the final score making the score 13-12. The lighter S.C.I. & T.S. Seniors again proved that they could uphold the good name of their school. McKernan starred for Windsor. The whole Sarnia team played first-class rugby.

S.C.I. & T.S. 6—Windsor 1
Nov. 15th

The 1930 final W.O.S.S.A. Championship tilt gave Sarnia fans the greatest exhibition of aerial football that has ever been played in the Imperial City when the blue and white defeated the Kennedy Collegiate Grid-ders by a score of 6-1. The blue and gold used the forward pass and the S.C.I. played a kicking game. Kennedy attempted twenty forwards and completed twelve, while our Seniors completed three. One of the features of the game was a long pass by Proutt to Reid. The Sarnia line was out-weighted but locals moved the sticks sixteen times to Windsor's four. These gains and Proutt's kicking gave the blue and white the W.O.S.S.A. Championship again. In the second quarter the home team scored a rouge and a touchdown making the half-

time score 6-1. The last half was fast and furious but neither school was able to score.

Hamilton 20—S.C.I. & T.S.

Dec. 6th

Once again the S.C.I. Senior Rugby team made their bid for the Dominion Interscholastic gridiron title against Hamilton Delta. The game was played on a field covered with several inches of mud and to the fans the players might have all been on the same team.

Sarnia depended on their speed to overcome the Hamilton weight but the condition of the field made running next to impossible and the light Sarnia team could do little against the heavy Hamiltonians. The blue and white back division was more brilliant than Delta's and at times they managed to show bursts of their speed. Bob Isbester, Hamilton giant kicker, hoisted the mud covered pig-skin for many beautiful gains. The forward pass could not be used but the blue and white fought hard up to the end of the game and brought no disgrace to the name the Sarnia Collegiate has made for itself in years gone by.

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GEORGE CLARK

In his capacity as president of the Boys' Athletic Executive for the season of 1930-31, George has guided boys' sports through what is certain to be their most successful season. Under his and Mr. Mendizabal's direction, all the different branches of sport in the school have become self-supporting. He also has the distinction of playing on the Imperial Senior O.R.F.U. team of this city.





DOUGLAS ISBISTER
Right Inside

One of the veterans of 1928, Doug, a good linesman, adept at paving the way for gains through the line. We are sorry to lose our 1930 Captain.

WILLIAM TURNBULL
Left Middle

A fast and reliable lineman. Although he is light, Bill used his speed and deadly tackling to offset this. A great defensive middle, Bill could also be depended upon to do his share of the plunging.

WALTER CLAXTON
Left Half

A half who ranks with the best of them, a good tackler and could always be depended upon to get his man. We are sorry to lose Walt.

REGINALD EWENER
Left End

Reg started at flying wing but was moved to the end position. He was fast and the hardest tackler on the team. Reg should play a great game this fall.

BRUCE PROUTT
Centre Half

Bruce's kicking was outstanding. He excelled as a safety man. His kicking defeated St. Thomas.

STEWART AUSTIN
Quarter

With one year's experience behind him "Stewy's" knowledge of the game named him as the man to handle the team. "Sticky" and Bruce made a great pair running back kicks.

WILLIAM REID
Right Half

A good plunger and a fast hard ball-carrier, he was always good for a gain. Bill is the 1931 captain.

ARTHUR LAWSON
Right Middle

Another of the 1928 Champions. A splendid linesman with lots of weight. His plunging and tackling were always outstanding.





GORDON FRASER
Flying Wing

A hard tackler and a strong plunger made him an ideal flying wing. A bear on secondary defence. Doc will be with us again next year.

JOHN GARRETT
Right End

Playing his first year with the Seniors, Bunny started off as a sub. However, his speed and hard tackling made it impossible to keep him on the bench.

ROY BLAY
Left Inside

A strong, steady linesman. Roy played under a handicap most of the season but his defensive work was of sterling quality.

THOMAS DOHERTY
End

Potsy was capable of filling either end position without weakening the team. A hard and sure tackler. Tom goes on to University this fall.

HARRY TURNBULL
Snap

Harry only weighed 120 lbs. but shone in tackling and offensive work. His grit made up for his light weight. A good prospect for 1931.

HARRY HAINES
Half

Tiny, although small, was able to fill in any of the half line positions without weakening the team. He played a great game in Windsor.

JAMES MacDONALD
Inside

Jim could step into either a middle or an inside. With his weight, aggressiveness, and last year's experience he should prove of invaluable assistance to this year's team.

WILLIAM TESKEY
End

Another of the S. C. I. mid-gets, Bill was always capable of filling either an end or the snap position.



**WILLARD UNSWORTH****Quarter**

This was Wid's first season. He was a fast runner and could play quarter or on the half line. We hate to see Wid go.

CLAUDE COOK**W.O.S.S.A. Manager**

Though Claude's percentage kept him from playing, he took an active interest in the team and as manager he fulfilled his many varied duties in a very creditable manner.

BRUCE MILLMAN**Snap**

Bruce could fill either the snap or an inside position. Although silent, Boob played a very aggressive game. He will play for the S. C. I. again in the fall.

JOHN WOCKER**O.R.F.U. Manager**

Johnny took over a hard job when he managed the team in the O.R.F.U. finals. He deserves great credit for his splendid work.

NEAL JOLLY**Inside**

A hard working linesman who could be depended upon to fill either inside position ably. Neal will be of invaluable assistance in this year's team.

HAD KARN**Coach**

The success of the 1930 team was due to the untiring efforts of our coach "Had". This is the first year he has coached the S. C. I. & T. S. Senior team. The interest he showed, individually, inspired the boys to win the W.O.S.S.A. Championship.

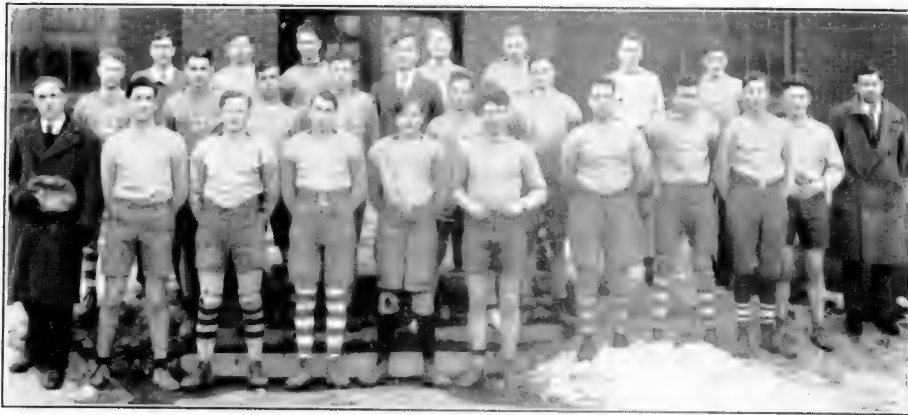
JAMES COPLAND**Inside**

Jim's first season in rugby. He lacked experience but he had all kinds of grit and aggressiveness.

ROBERT THORPE**Trainer**

Bob, our trainer, worked untiringly throughout the season, rubbing bruises and charlie-horses. The whole team appreciates the amount of time he spent on their behalf.





JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Front Row—Dick Pearson (Mgr.), Owen Lockhart, Earl Law, Joe Woodcock, Arnold McWatters, Keith MacMillan, Frank Mollitor, Dave Doherty, Herb Jackson, Ken. Williamson, Mr. Fitzgibbon (Coach).
 Second Row—Don MacGregor, Bill Carter, Roy Fleming, Irwin Fraser, Mr. Asbury, Don Twaites, Art Hueston, Stewart Brydon, Douglas Henderson.
 Back Row—Bill Hutchinson, Ivan VanStone, Edgar Leckie, Don McGillivray, Osmond Dobbins.

JUNIOR RUGBY

This year the Junior Rugby Team was given a bye and had to wait several weeks before getting into a scheduled W.O.S.S.A. game. They kept in trim by playing exhibition games with City League Teams, Petrolia High and the Seniors.

S.C.I. & T.S. 14—St. Thomas 8
 Oct. 19th

In their first scheduled game the Juniors defeated St. Thomas on their home field by a score of 14-8. Both teams played fast and furious rugby throughout the entire game. Sarnia's tricky backfield outplayed their opponents from the beginning to the end of the battle. A strong wind blowing crossfield carried the ball out of touch many times.

S.C.I. & T.S. 17—St. Thomas 9
 Oct. 24th

In the return game Sarnia again defeated St. Thomas and took the round

by 14 points. The locals played the visitors off their feet for the full sixty minutes but were heavily penalized for offsidings and lost many yards in this way. Fraser and MacMillan starred for the Sarnia Juniors.

Windsor-Walkerville Tech. 24—S.C.I. & T. S. 21
 Nov. 11th

In the opening game of the Junior W.O.S.S.A. semi-finals our Juniors were defeated by a small margin. Both teams played faultless rugby up to the last quarter when the Sarnia squad weakened and Windsor came off the field victorious. It was a hard fought tilt and neither of the teams were able to hold a distinct margin over their opponents.

Nov. 15th

The Sarnia Collegiate Juniors lost the round of the W.O.S.S.A. semi-finals to the Windsor-Walkerville



Tech. by 9 points. The blue and white had an off day and played a very poor brand of football. They were unorganized. They didn't have the old Sarnia fight and their line worked very poorly. Fraser easily outkicked Heath but the Sarnia backs were playing too deep and Windsor's

punts repeatedly came down fifteen or twenty yards in front of them. The locals fell down on their offensive attack and were only able to gain yards a few times. They held the Border Cities' gridders on the defence many times when they were seriously threatened.



SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Ross Ofield (Capt.), Stewart Austin, Bill Teskey, Gordon Fraser, Harold Corey, Bruce Prouett, Dr. Currie (Coach), Bruce Millman, Bill Craig, Fred Samis (Mgr.), Douglas Isbister, Homer Lockhart.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Old Boys' 16—S.C.I. & T.S. 10
Dec. 31, 1930

In the Old Boys' game, the ease and finish which experience lends to the players of any game, was a great factor in the Old Boys' favour. They played a steady game scoring 16 points to the school's 10.

The school team was fast but still had much to learn of co-operative play; they had improved over last season but were still a little hurried and over-anxious. Many baskets were lost by wild shooting, and the passing was very erratic at times. At half-time the score was 10-1 in Old Boys' favour but in the last half the school picked up a bit, scoring 10 points against the Old Boys' 6.

Strathroy 8—S.C.I. & T.S. 22
Jan. 9, 1931

This year the Senior Basketball team was grouped with Strathroy, Chatham and Watford.

The first game with Strathroy began in a strictly defensive style, tentative advances being made as the teams warmed up. Although the School appeared to have a slight advantage the first score went to Strathroy. From this point on the result was practically never in doubt, the score at half-time being S.C.I. 6, Strathroy 4.

In the second half the play opened up a great deal, the school leading the game, which they won by a 22-8 score.



Chatham 15—S.C.I. & T.S. 17
Jan. 16, 1931

This, the second game of the series played with Chatham, was a much closer contest. Chatham led the play with fast passing and long shots, scoring in the first few minutes of the game. The school showing the effects of Dr. Currie's coaching, played a steady, unhurried game. Their passing and shooting had improved, and at half-time the score was 10-8 in favor of S.C.I. The third period brought the score up to 17-10, still in the School's favour. In the last period Chatham made a desperate attempt to equal the score and almost succeeded. The final count was School 17—Chatham 15.

Watford 5—S.C.I. & T.S. 27
Jan. 23, 1931

The third game, played against Watford, was not nearly so hard a game to win. The Watford team had not had a great deal of experience and went down before the School's fast, steady playing. At half-time the score was 14-4 and the School continued to increase their lead until at the final whistle the count was 27-5.

Chatham 24—S.C.I. & T.S. 18
Jan. 30, 1931

A speedy return game opened with Chatham taking the lead with successful long shots. They played a close man-to-man defense, allowing Sarnia only 4 points in the first half while they scored 20. In the second half the School adopted Chatham's style of play, holding Chatham to 4 points, while they scored 14. However, they played a close game too late and Chatham won 24-18.

Watford 12—S.C.I. & T.S. 39
Feb. 6, 1931

The return game with Watford again showed that they had not yet a

strong enough team to defeat the School. However, they did put up a strong defense which baffled our players. The School's experience could not be overcome and they won by a 39-12 score.

Strathroy 15—Sarnia 27
Feb. 13, 1931

Sarnia was now in the position where she had to win this game with Strathroy in order to tie with Chatham. The game was not nearly up to the standards of the previous games, but Sarnia won 27-15.

Chatham 13—Sarnia 32
Feb. 16, 1931

Due to the tie between Chatham and Sarnia, the game had to be played during the week. On Monday, Chatham came here but did not play as in the other two games. The School kept up its fast playing during the entire game and won 32-13, giving Sarnia a 19 point lead to help them at Chatham.

Chatham 24—Sarnia 25
Feb. 18, 1931

The return game for group championship was played on Wednesday. This was an excellent exhibition of basketball—Chatham trying hard to overcome the 19 point lead, Sarnia trying to increase it. Sarnia kept a slight lead making a final score 24-25.

Aylmer 21—Sarnia 5
Feb. 20, 1931

The first game of the semi-finals was played at Aylmer. The boys in blue were at a slight disadvantage because of the undersized court, but were to learn they were up against too strong a team. At half-time Aylmer was leading 5-0. During the second half Sarnia could get only 5, while Aylmer scored 16 making the score 21-5 at the final whistle.

**Aylmer 28—Sarnia 15**

Feb. 25, 1931

The return game of the semi-finals was played in Sarnia on Wednesday. Sarnia had a 16 point lead to overcome. The Aylmer team put up as

fine an exhibition of basketball as has ever been seen at the School. Their passes and plays were fast and clever. Throughout the entire game they out-classed the School players and left with our hearty wishes for success in the finals.



JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Bill Doohan, Dick Gates, Herb Jackson, Bill Carter, Cliff Jones, Irwin Fraser, Harold Kelley, Keith MacMillan (Captain), Reg. Ewener, Owen Lockhart.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

St. Thomas 15—Sarnia 20

Feb. 6, 1931

The second year of Junior W.O.S. S.A. Basketball saw Sarnia with a good team. We were grouped with St. Thomas and had to wait for a long time before getting into action. The teams were well matched and a fast game was played. At quarter-time the score was four all, at half-time 10-9 for Sarnia. During the third quarter Sarnia gained 7 points to St. Thomas' 2, but in the final period St. Thomas scored 4 to Sarnia's 2, the

game ending 20-15 in Sarnia's favour.

St. Thomas 27—Sarnia 19

Feb. 14, 1931

The return game was not nearly as well played as the first encounter. At half-time the score was 13-10 for St. Thomas. With one minute to play the score was 21-19 for St. Thomas, giving Sarnia a 3 point lead on the round. In this minute St. Thomas scored 6 points winning the game and also the round, thus going on to the finals.



GYM TEAM

Logan MacKenzie, Harry Turnbull, Alex Hayes.
Theo. Mathers Lyle Smith
Bill Turnbull Don MacGregor Jack Hare

GYM TEAM

Two years ago Mr. Mendizabal started to coach the first gym team in the history of the Sarnia Collegiate. The boys on the team started with practically no knowledge of gymnastics. Due to Mr. Mendizabal's careful training and hard work, a strong team has been built up in a short time. Last spring a gymnastic competition was held and a gold medal was presented to the winner, Logan MacKenzie. Another competition is being held this year.

Many times the gym team has shown its ability as an added attraction for

basketball games and other school activities. For this work the team deserves a good deal of credit.

At last year's cadet inspection the team gave a brilliant performance on the campus before General Armstrong who complimented them on their fine work.

On April 10th, at Hart House gymnasium in Toronto, a team of five men, selected from the S.C.I., took part in the first Ontario Gymnastic Competition. This competition is sponsored by the newly formed physical instructors branch of the Ontario Educational



Association and is open to the secondary schools of the province. Each team consisted of five students, each of whom was required to perform a series of voluntary movements on each of the usual pieces of apparatus. The S.C.I. & T.S. team won third place, a particularly commendable achievement, inasmuch as most of them have

had only two years' experience in gymnastics. In addition to this, Logan MacKenzie won first place for proficiency on the horse.

The personnel of the team is:

Logan MacKenzie, Lyle Smith, Dick Mathers, Jack Hare and Don MacGregor.

FIELD DAY

In recalling the many student activities of the past year we may say that one of the most prominent events in our school year was Field Day. Sarnia saw one of the greatest and best conducted Field Day's in several years. For the first time, the Public Schools took part in the meet, with the intention of creating interest in this kind of sport and developing future strong teams to represent Sarnia in W.O.S.S.A. competition.

Stewart Austin captured the Senior Championship; Kenneth Williamson was the best Intermediate and John Burgess was Junior Champion.

The track and field prospects are not overly bright for this season, but newer and greater enthusiasm is being shown for this type of athletics. It is hoped that strong track and field teams will be built up in a few years and bring back the prestige the blue and white once held in Ontario.



Austin Joke to end Austin jokes —
— we hope



ASSAULT-AT-ARMS and SWIMMING WINNERS

Back Row—Theo. Mathers, Alvin Huggett, Walter Johnston, Chas. Leaver.

Second Row—Lyle Smith, Jack Burgess, Edgar Leckie, Don MacGregor, Myles Leckie, George Ramesbottom.

Seated—Keith Burden, Jack Lewis, Doug Isbister, Mr. Mendizabal, Art Lawson, Logan MacKenzie, Martin Hemstreet.

SWIMMING

Our school has one of the best swimming pools in Western Ontario, and in spite of this fact, and that there are over five hundred boys registered, in the school, there were only ten entries in the school meet. All the swimmers gave very good exhibitions. George Ramesbottom, who, although

eligible for junior competition, stepped up and captured the Senior Championship Medal with a total of 12 points. Bill Croxford was runner-up with 9 points. Don McGregor won the Kiwanis medal, emblematic of the Junior Championship with a score of 13 points. Arthur Hueston was second with 12 points.

HOCKEY

This year hockey was a dead issue, and there wasn't a team to carry the name of the S.C.I. & T.S. through the W.O.S.S.A. hockey series. Ice was not altogether unavailable but the officials waited until the cold weather had almost passed before they started

to make ice and this prevented the Collegiate from getting another crack at the Free Press Trophy, emblematic of the W.O.S.S.A. Championship. Sarnia needs an arena and until one is built they will be in the background as far as hockey is concerned.



ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

The second annual Assault-At Arms was held on the evening of March 7th, in the boys' gymnasium. The audience was somewhat smaller than at last year's event, but the spectators showed great enthusiasm during the whole program. There was a large entry since the competition is open to any boy in the school. The bouts were all fast and cleanly fought.

A silver athletic pin was presented to the winner of each bout. The winners are as follows:

BOXING

105 lbs.—Johnston.
112 lbs.—L. Smith.
118 lbs.—Leckie.
126 lbs.—MacKenzie.
135 lbs.—Burgess.
135 lbs.—Watson.
147 lbs.—Hemstreet.
Senior—Lewis.

WRESTLING

85 lbs.—Leaver.
105 lbs.—Huggett.
112 lbs.—Mathers.
118 lbs.—MacKenzie.
126 lbs.—Buxton.
130 lbs.—Jack Garrett.
135 lbs.—Burden.
147 lbs.—Lewis.
158 lbs.—Lawson.
Senior—Isbister.

A gold athletic pin was presented to the winner of two bouts. The boys who won gold pins are: K. Burden, A. Lawson, L. Smith, L. Mackenzie and J. Lewis.

The Ontario Athletic Commission donated four medals, two to be award-

to the winners of the two best bouts, the two others to the best boxer and to the best wrestler. Logan MacKenzie won the best boxing bout and Theo Mathers won the best wrestling bout. Jack Lewis was chosen as the best boxer and Art Lawson as the best wrestler.





Margaret C.—“When I left the stage last night, the audience went wild with applause.”

Margaret M.—“Well, most likely they knew you weren’t coming on again.”

* * * *

Houston—“So your father is ill. I hope it is nothing contagious.”

Reid—So do I. The doctor says he is suffering from overwork.”

* * * *

Miss Walker—“George, correct this sentence.” ‘Our teacher am a sight’.”

George S.—“Our teacher am a sight.”

* * * *

Stella—“Do you believe in long engagements.”

Bill—“Sure. The longer the engagement, the shorter time you will have to be married.”

* * * *

Mr. Dennis—“When water becomes ice, what is the great change that takes place?”

Voice from back—“The change in price.”

* * * *

Miss Harris—“Who said, ‘I come to bury Caesar not to praise him’.”

J. Griffith—“The undertaker.”

* * * *

Crystal—“You are certain that this century plant will bloom in a hundred years?”

Florist—“Positive, miss. If it doesn’t bring it back.”

* * * *

Hart (in study room)—“Gosh, she certainly gave you a dirty look.”

Kearns (guiltily)—“Who did?”

Ross—“Mother Nature.”

* * * *

“Well Sambo”, said an American judge, “So you and your wife have been fighting again. Liquor, I suppose?”

“No sah,” said Sambo, “She licked me this time.”

* * * *

Hal (In Mooretown general store)—“Have you any hose?”

Clerk—“Silk, lisle, cotton or wool?”

Fred—“Neither—lawn.”

* * * *

Cruickshank—“I had to kill my dog last night.”

Dorothy—“Was he mad?”

Evan—“Well, he didn’t seem any too pleased about it.”



"Where did the car hit him?" asked the coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae", replied the medical witness. And the burly foreman rose from his seat.

"Man and boy, I've lived in these parts for fifty years", he protested ponderously, "an' I never heard of the place."

* * * *

A Hebrew boarded a street car with a rather large boy in tow. When the conductor called "Fare" the passenger refused to pay the boy's fare on the grounds that he was only six years old.

"But he looks a lot older than that." remarked the conductor.

"Vell," said the Jew, "can I help it if he worries?"

* * * *

A man named Dodgin was recently appointed foreman but his name was unknown to all his men.

One day he ran across two men smoking in a corner.

"Who are you?", asked one of the men.

"I'm Dodgin, the new foreman", he replied.

"So are we. Sit down and have a smoke."

* * * *



Helen—"We went through your home town on the train last night, didn't we?"

Doris—"Yes, what did you think of it?"

Marjory—"We couldn't see it. There was a boxcar on the siding."

* * * *

First Former—"Where do elephants come from? And don't try to stall me off with that one about the stork."

* * * *

A commercial traveller found himself in a village with a single general store. He went in and said to the girl behind the counter.

"Excuse me, but do you keep stationery?"

"Not always", replied the girl, "I like to move around a bit, sometimes."

* * * *

1st. Shark—"What's that funny two-legged thing that just fell in the water?"

2nd. Shark—"I'll bite."



"Are you sure that I shall recover?" an anxious patient once asked a physician. "I've heard that doctors sometimes give a wrong diagnosis and have treated patients for Pneumonia when afterwards they die of typhoid fever."

"You have been misinformed," replied the medico, indignantly. "If I treat a man for Pneumonia, he dies of Pneumonia."

* * * *

(Palmer, in Miss Ferrier's class)—"What good is geometry?"

Miss Ferrier—"Well! If you are an engineer and you are making a bridge, you know how to fit your braces."

* * * *

Facts Recently Gleamed At Examinations

Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else.

A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian.

* * * *

George—"Did Mr. Edison make the first talking machine, Pa?"

Mr. Clark—"No, my son. God made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."

* * * *

Miss Weir (reading from Ancient History Book)—"And the people rent their garments." "What does that mean?"

Morphew—"I suppose it means they couldn't afford to buy them."

* * * *

Miss Martin—"If you invested \$100.00 at 5 per cent., what would you have at the end of the year?"

Giles—"Christmas Holidays."

* * * *

"Horace" gasped the poet as he entered his friend's room.

"Why, is there anything wrong, Rudolph?" inquired Horace.

"Wrong! I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began each verse with the line: 'My son, my pigmy counterpart!'"

"Yes" murmured Horace.

The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read" he blazed, "Read what the idiot compositor did to that beautiful line."

Horace took the paper and read, "My son! My pig! My counterpart!"

* * * *

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

Pro lege Manilia—The front leg of Manila.

Nota bene—Not a bean—(no money)

Caesar sic dictat unde cur agressi lictum—Caesar sicked the cat on the cur, I guess he licked him.

Boni leges Caesaris—The bony legs of Caesar.

Haec in Galliam important est—Hike into Gaul, it's important.

Caesar solvet—Caesar's all wet.

Has res iubet—Hoss race—you bet.

* * * *

Burton (at back of room)—"May I get a drink, sir?"

Mr. Dennis (mistaking drink for ink)—"Sorry, someone took my bottle yesterday."

* * * *

Clara (struggling over algebra)—"Oh dear! dear, dear!"

Stewart (in next seat)—"Present."



Miss Martin (tapping the board)—"Attention please, while I run through this again."

* * * *

A man was examining a statue of "Venus", which displayed a small placard bearing the following: "Hands off". He gave a grunt of disgust and remarked, "Any darn fool can see that."

* * * *

Mr. Kelly—"What is upsetting you? You look worried."

Mr. Cohen—"Mine brother is sick."

Mr. Kelly—"Oh, is he?"

Cohen—"No, Ikie."

* * * *

Dot—"Do you know the words of the 'Irish Washerwoman'?"

Jean Tyrie—"No, what did she say?"

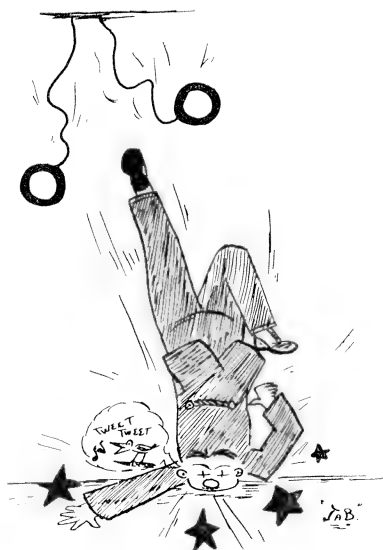
* * * *

Cook (in chemistry class)—"Were we supposed to know anything for to-day?"

Smith (sarcastically)—"No."

Cook—"Hurrah! I know it."

* * * *



Husser—"It's O.K., Mr. Mendizabal, I'm wearing my light fall suit."

* * * *

Expelled Stude—"Hello Mr. Asbury, I'm back."

Mr. Asbury—"I see you are. What for?"

Expelled Stude—"I read that letter when I was expelled, but on the envelope it said 'After five days return to Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School'."

* * * *

Miss Weir (who has found K. Hall out before)—"Kenneth, did your father write this essay on 'Why I love Teacher'?"

Ken—"No. Mother stopped him."



Jimmie (romantically—"There has been something trembling on my lips for months and months.")

Dorothy B.—"So I see. Why don't you shave it off?"

* * * *

Houston (to visitor)—"Yes, this is our own orchestra. You see the violinist with No. 13 on his back; well, he is a real musician. He was born with a violin in his hands and bow in his legs."

* * * *

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

(First Former registering in Miss Ferrier's form)

Miss Ferrier—"What is your name, please?"

"Burden", replied the youth.

"Dailey?"

"No. Burden.—B-U-R-D-E-N."

"Burden."

"Yes, that's it."

"Your first name and initial, please?"

"Oh—'K'."

"O. K. Burden?"

"Oh, no, it isn't O. K. Burden. I said 'Oh'."

"O. Burden."

"No, rub out the O and leave the K."

Miss Ferrier annoyed—"Will you please give me your initials again?"

"I said K."

"I beg your pardon, you said O.K. Perhaps you had better write it yourself."

"I said Oh—"

"Just now you said K."

"Let me finish what I started to say. I said 'oh' because I did not understand what you were asking me. I did not mean that it was my initial. My name is Keith Burden."

"Oh!"

"No, not 'O', but 'K'."

"Give me the pen and I'll write it down for you myself—there, it's O. K. now."

* * * *

Ramsay was holding a cow while a cross-eyed man was about to knock her on the head with an axe. Melvin observed the man's eyes and in some alarm inquired, "Are you going to strike where you look?"

"Certainly!"

"Here then", answered Melvin, "Hold the cow yourself."

* * * *

Elwood—"Someone stole three sets of harness out of my stable."

Weston—"Did the thief leave any traces?"

Elwood—"No. he took the traces too."

* * * *

Frenchman (proud of his knowledge of English)—"But I am sorry to cock-roach upon your time any longer."

Miss Taylor—"Pardon m'sieu! Encroach."

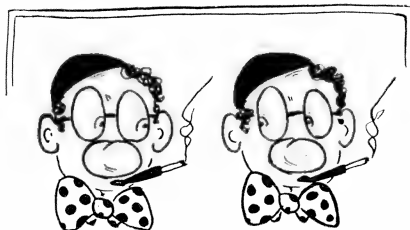
Frenchman—"Ah, a thousand pardons.. Oui, oui, encroach! I always get your English genders mixed up."



Miss Harris (to first former)—"What did Sir Walter Raleigh say to Queen Elizabeth when he laid down his cloak for her to walk on?"

Ist former (suddenly awakening from day dream)—"Oh yes! I know, he said "Step on it, kid."

* * * *



Claxton—"Did she accept the invitation to the dance?"

Jack Garrett—"Naturally."

Claxton—"Naturally? How do you get that way?"

Garrett—"I'm like the adverbs in all languages—never declined."

* * * *

THE OTTER

The Otter is nobody's fool, and yet,

He sits and thinks a lot.

Deciding whether he otter

Or whether he otter not.

* * * *

Mr. Andrews (bent over Miss Jardine's desk explaining an algebra problem)—
"Isn't this 'I', Miss Jardine?"

* * * *

When I get my matriculation,

And everything is swell,

I may forget my Latin,

But never Miss Dalziel.

* * * *

HIGH — WIDE and HANDSOME

D. Isbister — Albinson — Backman

* * * *

The boys of fifth form are advised to get acquainted with Miss Celaneous Series in Algebra class, and thus get wise to the new style B.V.D.'s permuted combinations. "They won't shrink."

* * * *

"Five thousand clocks left in will."—An estate that will take a long time to wind up.

* * * *

"Flu on the continent." Jack Lewis wants to know if its because of the germ in Germany."

* * * *

Hold-up man (in lonely street)—"What time is it, sir?"

Mr. Fielding (producing gold watch)—"H-h-half-p-past ten."

Hold-up man—"I'll never remember that—lend us your watch."



M. Urquhart—"Hello plumber, come at once! Our gas pipe's got an awful leak in it."

Plumber—"Did you do anything to it before you called?"

Mary—"Yes, I put a bucket under it."

* * * *

Mr. Andrews—"What are you drawing?"

Depew—"A pig."

Mr. Andrews—"And where's his tail?"

Depew—"Still in the ink-well."

* * * *

Motorist (after knocking down butcher's boy)—"I'm sorry, my lad. Are you all right?"

Boy (picking up contents of basket)—"Dunno; here's me liver and me ribs, but where's me kidneys?"

* * * *

Miss Harris (giving a talk on the advantages of peace and disarmament)—"How many of you boys object to war?"

Up went Fraser's hand.

"Why, Gordon?" she asked.

"Because wars make history," was the prompt reply.

* * * *

Miss Johnston (dictating French sentences to 3C)—"I intend to buy a new house next year."

Voice from rear—"I'll sell you one."

2nd Voice from rear—"Never mind, that's all arranged, you know."

* * * *

Anne A.—"Did you see in the paper how some people were poisoned through eating chocolates?"

Jack S.—"I imagine I did, but what of it?"

Anne A.—"Nothing, except I was just thinking—er—how very safe we are."

* * * *

Owen Lockhart (after the assault-at-arms—"I gave him a hard punch with the left and missed. Then I gave him another punch in the same place. After that I gave him another, and he fainted. And then he gave me one and I fainted.")

* * * *

SPRING SONG

There's lots of ways to write of spring,
Green grass, and flowers, and everything.
There's lots of old ways I could mention;
But here's a new way. Pay attention.

Spring brings to sidewalks dirty pools,
And muddy corridors to schools,
And rainy nights with mist befogged,
And mudholes where our cars are bogged.

The poet, if he'd keep his health,
On good galoshes spends his wealth;
Thus dry-shod, he may praise spring day.
And April showers without dismay.

Rugs to be beaten, rubbish burned
Bothersome auto salesmen spurned
Spite of it all, the spring time still
Charms me most, and always will.



Country Lass (after reading a College Humour)—"Did you ever hear a horse-laugh?"

Flora Macdonald—"No, but I've heard lots of them whinny."

* * * *

J. Smith—"Do you have Prince Albert in a can?"

Clerk—"Yes sir, we do."

Jack—"Let him out."

* * * *

Owen—"May I have the first dance?"

Lorna—"Rather early to ask, isn't it?"

Owen—"O well, you know, the early bird catches the er—er—er."

* * * *

Chinese patient (on telephone)—"Sir, what time you fixee tooth fo' me?"

Dentist—"Two-thirty, all right?"

Patient—"Yes, tooth hurty all right, but when you fixee?"

* * * *

Instructor of signalling (at Armories)—"Now take for example— What is the present high-jump record? I have just forgotten."

Foster (air-minded)—"In Canada 22,500 feet, Sir!"

* * * *

That's the Berets

Marg. Rice (in Walker's)—"Have you any berets?"

Clerk—"Sorry, we don't keep fruit."

* * * *

Frosh—"I am very happy to meet you."

Senior—"Fortunate is the word, sonny."

* * * *

The motto of the Chemistry class: "Up and Atom."
And of the dancing classes: "Remember the old adagio."

* * * *

The speaker at a political meeting was being heckled. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Who brayed there?" he asked sarcastically.

"No one" replied a voice, "it was only the echo."

* * * *

Ken—"Does your lip rouge smear?"

Marg—"Of course it does."

Ken—"All right, I'll smear it."

* * * *

Mathers (to Bruce who drives up to service station in his model T)—"Will I check your oil, Bruce?"

Proutt—"No thanks, I'll take it with me."

* * * *

Perry—"Dad, will you help me with this sum?"

Mr. Perry—"No, my son, it wouldn't be right."

Perry—"I know, but you could have a try at it anyway."

* * * *

Mr. Graham—"We have some very artistic souls in Commercial 3. Some sketch and I suppose others paint."

* * * *

1st Cannibal—"Who was that young lady I had for luncheon?"

2nd ditto—"That was a girl graduate."



"Do you want gas?" asked the dentist as he put the patient in the chair. Mr. Fielding (absent mindedly)—"Yes, about five gallons, and take a look at the oil."

* * * *

Haberdasher—"In this suit, do you want a belt on the back, and a cuff in the pants?"

Curtis—"Say, how would you like a sock in the eye?"

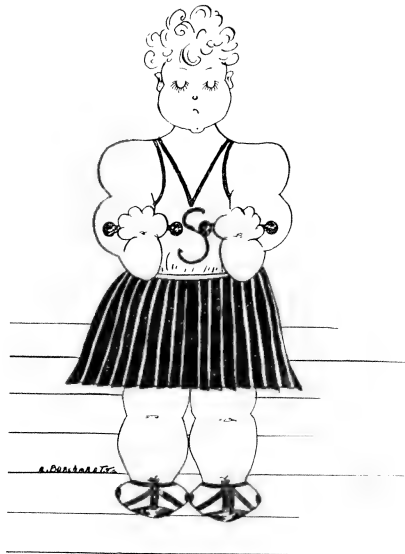
* * * *

BEHIND THE BARS

Pale moonlight streamed into my barren cell; ghostly shadows flickered grotesquely on the dim prison walls, eerie noises came upon the soft wind to torment my ears. Through the long hours of night I sit and count the bars—27. Feverishly I go over them again and my sum totalled 28. What a nightmare! Soon I will be led away. A glance through the bars at the city clock shows my time on earth is twelve hours, sixteen minutes. A noise at the window! Rescue! Saved! Joyfully, with fast beating heart I pull myself up but everything is quiet;—worse than a morgue. Oh, for a noise to break this haunting, nerve-breaking silence. I lay down again thinking—thinking—of only what the daylight brings. Death! Death! looms before me, written in blood red letters, glowing with a dazzling, numbing glare. I laugh softly and the sound echoes through the night like a burst of maniacal laughter. Dawn is breaking. Footsteps approach and another beautiful Jersey cow is led away to the slaughterhouse.

Garrett, 4B.

* * * *



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* * * *

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* * * *

A missionary wrote home: "The natives here are starving and badly in need of food—send more missionaries."



MEETING OF THE "BORED" OF EDUCATION

(As reported by our special correspondent)

The "Bored" of Education met on Friday evening last to discuss many questions of vital importance.

Hot discussion centred about the great responsibility of a certain member of the staff (to be known as X). To lessen this, it was decided to install traffic lights at the west end of the third floor.

The noisy condition of the seats in room 30 (?) was reported. To avoid giving one member of the staff nervous prostration, the motion was carried unanimously to replace the present seating arrangement by "unbangable seats".

Since the two drinking fountains at the west end of third floor have fallen into disuse, it was decided that they be moved to the study room.

A petition signed by all the members of fifth form was submitted to the "Bored" for approval. The latter to a man, (the ladies' votes were discarded) was in favour of granting their request, namely, viz. i.e. and to wit, that a radio be installed in the study-room (?) immediately.

The meeting closed early with the singing of the national anthem in order to allow all the members in force to attend the last performance at the Imperial theatre.

* * * *

"Try this on your piano", cried the urchin, handing Mr. Paderewski a bottle of furniture polish.

* * * *

Evelyn—"Do you like moving pictures?"

Walt—"Sure!"

* * * *

Law—"You have three pair of glasses, Mr. Dent?"

Mr. Dent—"Yes, I use one pair to read with, one to see long distances and the third to find the other two."

* * * *

Miss Taylor—"What's the German word for 'cheese'?"

Lewis—"Kraft."

* * * *

The baker white, with might and main,
Why is he working so?
The reason for his labour is
Because he kneads the dough.

* * * *

Jack—"How did you get even with your chemistry teacher?"

Jean—"I handed him a hot retort."

* * * *

If caught robbing a fish store, be nonchalant—smoke a herring.



Mr. Treitz—"If a man gave nineteen cents to one son, and six cents to the other,
what time would it be?"
Buxton—"A quarter to two."

* * * *

Edith Dyble—"How long can a man live without a brain?"
Spec. Com. (in unison)—"How old are you?"

* * * *

She—"He called me up every night in the Christmas holidays."
It—"Terrible service we have now. I wonder what number he wanted?"

* * * *

Husser—"Where yuh goin'?"
Hart—"Fishin'?"
Pash—"What fer'?"
Ross—"Oh, just for the halibut."

* * * *

Evelyn—"Do you like moving pictures?"
Walt—"Sure!"
Evelyn—"That's great. I want you to bring a lot of them down from the attic."

* * * *

Jean Murphy—"Doctor, vaccinate me somewhere where it won't show."
Doctor—"Open your mouth."
Jean—"Not there, Doctor, I'm a singer."





AUTOGRAPH PAGE

*"When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read and dream"*

—W. B. YEATS.



AUTOGRAPH PAGE

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Ninetieth Session

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For a calendar of the faculty in which you are interested, write to the Registrar.

Mr. Coles—"Miss Moore, what is a circular letter?"

Frieda—"Ah. er——'O'."

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Miss Ferrier—"Now, Abie can you spell 'avoid'?"
Abie—"Sure. What is der void?"



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Stella—"Oh—if they turn out good, can I have one?"

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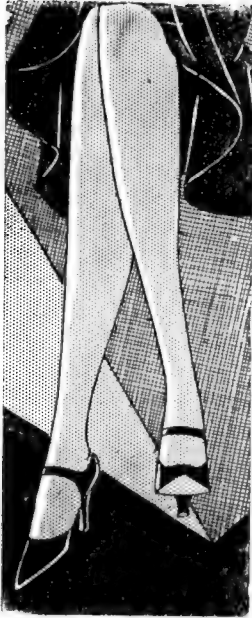
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Miss Weir (during literature class)—“I can see poems in the fire.”
Hackney—“I’ve seen some that should have been there.”

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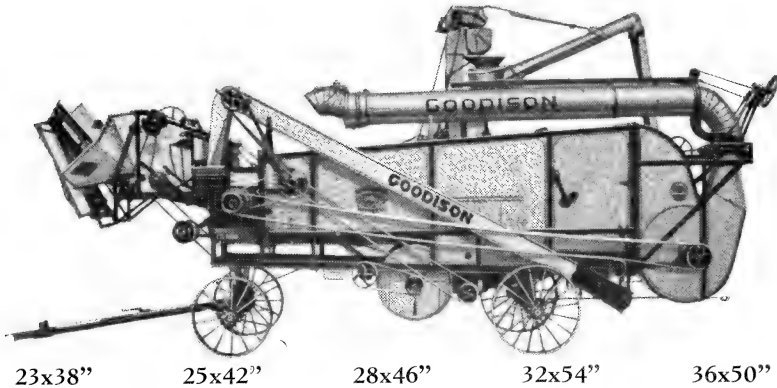
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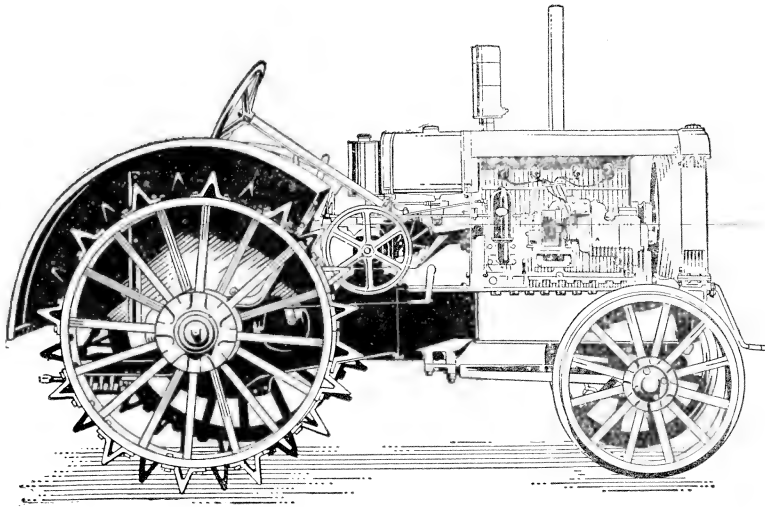
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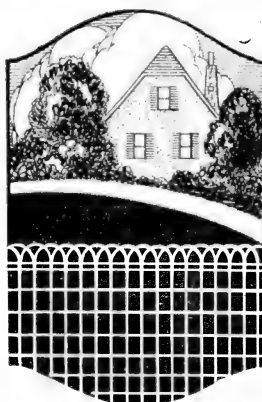
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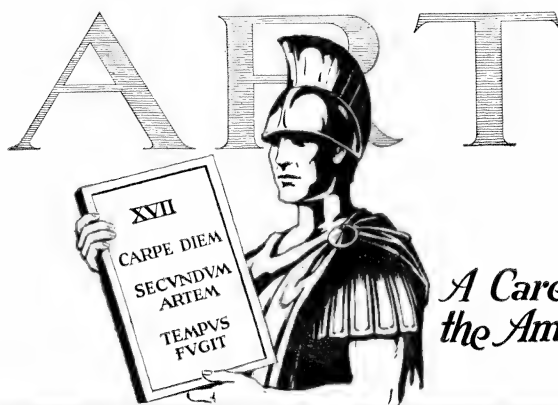
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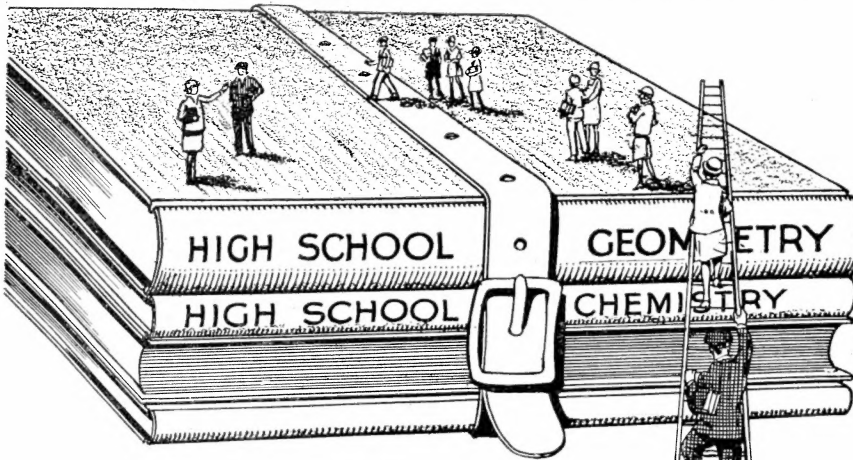
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